

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1883.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



FIRE AT CORTACHY CASTLE, SCOTLAND, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF AIRLIE.

BIRTHS.

On the 10th inst., the Countess of Suffolk, of a daughter.
On the 11th inst., at Conaglen, Ardour, N.B., Lady Aberdour, of a son.
On the 13th inst., at Wilton-street, Lady Margaret Hamilton, of a son.
On the 11th inst., at 30, Belsize-park-gardens, N.W., the Countess Poullett, of a son.
On the 9th inst., at Ripple Court, the Lady Sarah Sladen, of a son.

DEATHS.

On the 13th inst., at Fair View, Hawkhurst, Emily Frances Anne, widow of the Rev. Sir Henry Thompson, Bart., aged seventy-five.
On the 12th inst., at Chester, Georgina Cavendish Bentinck, daughter of the late Lord C. Cavendish Bentinck, aged seventy-two.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPT. 29.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 23.	
Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.	Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev. Dr. Plummer; 3 p.m., Rev. Canon Duckworth.
Morning Lessons: Jer. xxxvi.; Gal. ii. 1-7; Luke i. 26-57.	St. James's, noon.
ii. Evening Lessons: Ezek. ii. or xlii. 1-7; Luke i. 26-57.	Whitehall, 11 a.m.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Rev. Prebendary Tucker; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Stubbs; 7 p.m., Rev. F. W. Robinson.	Savoy, 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m., Rev. Henry White, the Chaplain.
	Moon's last quarter, 0.51 p.m.
MONDAY, SEPT. 24.	
British Association, Southport: Lecture by Professor J. G. McKendrick on Galvanic and Animal Electricity, 8.30 p.m.	
TUESDAY, SEPT. 25.	
Photographic Society, 8 p.m.	British Association, Southport, soirée, 8 p.m.
Sanitary Congress and Exhibition at Glasgow (five days).	Races: Newmarket Meeting.
WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 26.	
Toxophilite Society Meeting.	British Association, Southport: concluding general meeting, 2.30 p.m.
Frome Agricultural Society Show (two days).	
THURSDAY, SEPT. 27.	
Sanitary Congress, Glasgow: Lecture by Dr. Richardson, 8 p.m.	Abergavenny Agricultural Association and Horse Show.
FRIDAY, SEPT. 28.	
Hungarian Provisional Government established by Kossuth and Batthyani, 1818.	
SATURDAY, SEPT. 29.	
Michaelmas Day.	Thames Sailing Club Regatta, Surbiton.
Election of Lord Mayor of London.	

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE
NEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.	Rain in 24 hours, read at 10 a.m. next morning.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 p.m.	Minimum, read at 10 a.m.					
September	Inches.	°	°	°	0-10	°	°					
9	30.071	54.2	46.9	76	3	67.0	40.1	WSW.	SSW.		0.010	
10	29.901	58.1	53.7	87	10	65.7	51.4	S.			0.470	
11	30.042	56.5	54.3	98	10	59.4	54.6	ESE.	NNE.		0.045	
12	30.142	59.9	53.0	79	6	69.1	54.5	NNE.	ESE.		0.005*	
13	30.186	58.2	52.7	82	9	68.5	50.8	ESE.	NNE.		0.000	
14	30.013	59.6	53.1	81	4	69.3	52.8	NE.			0.000	
15	29.953	58.5	51.9	78	3	67.4	53.5	NNE.	W. SW.		0.010*	

* Dew.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:-

Barometer (in inches) corrected	30.137	29.929	29.982	30.146	30.234	30.090	29.934
Temperature of Air	55.8°	59.8°	57.3°	60.9°	56.2°	59.2°	58.0°
Temperature of Evaporation	51.7°	57.3°	56.3°	57.1°	54.4°	55.5°	54.2°
Direction of Wind	W.	S.	NNE.	NNE.	ENE.	NE.	NNE.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE
FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 20, 1883.

Sunday.		Monday.		Tuesday.		Wednesday.		Thursday.		Friday.		Saturday.	
M	A	M	A	M	A	M	A	M	A	M	A	M	A
h	m	h	m	h	m	h	m	h	m	h	m	h	m
6	10	6	36	7	7	7	41	8	20	9	0	10	0
10	16	10	16	10	16	10	16	10	16	10	16	10	16

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY.—A Cheap First-Class Train from Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d.; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Express-Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First-Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon Day Return Tickets, 10s.
A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 13s., available by these Trains only.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM at BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First-Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.5 p.m., calling at East Croydon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

EXPRESS DAY SERVICE.—Every Weekday as under:—
Victoria Station. London Bridge Station. Paris.
Sept. 22 Dep. 9 10 a.m. Dep. 9 20 a.m. Arr. 8 28 p.m.
" 24 " 10 35 a.m. " 10 45 a.m. " 9 40 p.m.
" 25 " 11 50 a.m. " 12 0 noon " 11 45 p.m.
" 26 " 8 10 a.m. " 8 20 a.m. " 8 50 p.m.
NIGHT SERVICE.—Leaving Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. every Weekday and Sunday.
FARES.—London to Paris and Back—1st Class. 2nd Class.
Available for Return within One Month. £2 15 0 £1 19 0
Third-Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 30s.
The "Normandy" and "Britany," splendid fast paddle-steamers, accomplish the passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently under Four Hours.
A Through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By order) J. F. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—The SUMMER SERVICE of FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.
TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY and FRIDAY or SATURDAY to TUESDAY (First, Second, and Third Class) TICKETS are issued by all Trains to the above-named Stations at reduced fares.
TOURIST TICKETS, available up to Dec. 31, 1883, are also issued from London (Liverpool-street) to Fife, Scarborough, Whitby, and the principal Tourist Stations in Scotland.
For further particulars see bills.
London, September, 1883. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1883.
TOURIST TICKETS will be issued from MAY 1 to OCT. 31, 1883.
For particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes issued by the Company.
Derby, 1883. JOHN NOBLE, General Manager.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.
Triumphant success of the
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
NEW ENTERTAINMENT.
HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY FROM EVERY PERFORMANCE.
The new and beautiful songs, and the new comic sketches of THE CHARLESTOWN BLUES, SINGING IN THE SALVATION ARMY, and THE RAIN OF TERROR, with its startling atmospheric effects, applauded to the echo.
EVERY NIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT.
Omnibuses run from the Fish-les Exhibition direct to the doors of St. James's Hall.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. Is.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
President—His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, K.G.
INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.
LARGEST FISHERIES EXHIBITION EVER HELD.
Open Daily, from Nine a.m. to Ten p.m., except Wednesday, when doors are open from Ten a.m. to Eleven p.m. until further notice.
BRILLIANT ILLUMINATION of the Exhibition and Grounds by the ELECTRIC LIGHT every evening. Lighting power one million candles.
The Full Band of the GRENADIER GUARDS, under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey, will perform a Grand Selection of Music of the best Composers Daily from 3.30 to 9.45 p.m.
Admission 1s. on every weekday, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. Season Tickets, One Guinea.
EVENING FETES.—On EVERY WEDNESDAY until further notice the Exhibition will be open until Eleven p.m. The Band will play until 10.45. Special FETES will be held, and the Grounds brilliantly illuminated by Chinese Lanterns, Coloured Fires, &c., under the management of Mr. James Pain, as on the occasion of the Royal Fete on July 18.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT,
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE.—Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain—will REOPEN for the Autumn Season on MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 1, at Eight o'Clock, with TREASURE TROVE, by Arthur Law, Music by Alfred J. Caldicott; and Mr. Corney Grain's Musical Sketch, OUR MESS.—Stalls, 6s. and 3s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1883.
OCT. 10, 11, 12, and 13.
FIRST SEATS (Reserved) Morning, £1 1s. 6d. each.
Evening, £0 10s. 6d. "
SECOND SEATS (Reserved) Morning, £0 10s. 6d. "
Evening, £0 7s. 6d. "
No application attended to without a remittance for the full amount of the Tickets required.
Detailed Programmes may be had on application. FRED. R. SPAEK, Hon. Sec.
Festival Office (close to the Townhall), Leeds.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

In consequence of numerous inquiries at the Office upon the subject, the Proprietors of this Journal beg to intimate that applications for Advertisements to be printed upon Sheets issued by The Inter-leaf or Leaflet Company, or bearing any other title, and said to be inserted in any portion of the issue of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, do not emanate from this Office, and that such Insertions are in no way connected with the Paper.

A Portrait of Madame Marie Roze, Prima Donna, printed in colours, will be issued, gratis, with our Number next week.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1883.

Although our experienced Foreign Minister is unable to follow the example of his colleagues by ranging over the world during the recess, he probably does not regret the limitation of his holiday. At the close of last week both the French Ambassador and the Chinese Minister visited Lord Granville at Walmer Castle, and both also crossed to Paris, where negotiations were renewed, and have been making satisfactory, though not rapid, progress. The virtual acceptance of his Lordship's good offices—if it does not amount to mediation—and the appearance on the scene of M. Ferry, in place of M. Challemeil-Lacour, who has chosen at this particular juncture to take a brief holiday, are significant and hopeful signs. The French Premier, who foresees that his position will be at stake when the Chambers meet, if France should be committed to a prolonged and uncertain war, seems to be resolved on bringing about a pacific arrangement; and it is not extravagant to suppose that a basis was arranged at Walmer to be elaborated at Paris, and that the Marquis Tseng, who must now know the mind of the Pekin Government, is prepared to facilitate negotiations.

An understanding cannot be brought about too soon, as the details of the late outbreak at Canton indicate a very dangerous state of feeling amongst the Chinese masses. There, as well as at other treaty ports, the safety of Europeans depends more on Chinese troops and gun-boats than upon their own military and naval resources; the British fleet being, unfortunately, in the northern seas, hundreds of miles away. The Celestials have been unduly elated by reports of the successes of the Black Flags (their own countrymen) over the French in Tonquin. If the latter have been victorious, their triumphs have been barren. They have to confront swamps fevers as well as a foe that can be indefinitely strengthened. Their position in advance of Hanoi is by no means secure, and their advance through the morasses of the Red River wellnigh impossible without heavy reinforcements from France. Nor would there be much to gain if Tonquin were conquered. It is somewhat puzzling to hear that at this critical moment the French Commander-in-Chief, owing to differences with the Civil Commissioner, who exercises supreme authority in that region, has been superseded, or, as it is delicately said, has been "sent on a mission." General Bouet, upon whom everything would seem to depend, has turned up at Hong-Kong. Whether this unlooked-for event is connected with the expected arrival of French transports and the carrying out of some "strategic movement," or that that officer is to be regarded as a wrathful Achilles who has retired in dudgeon to his tent, time will reveal. It really looks more like a light comedy than stern reality. But military delays in Asia favour pacific negotiations in Europe.

The British public have been greatly amused to hear that their Prime Minister, though seemingly bent on a harmless and healthful cruise, is an artful and scheming diplomatist. All the capitals of Europe, or at least their chief newspapers, have been thrown into a state of nervous perplexity at the appearance of the Pembroke Castle in the Sound. Englishmen accept the natural conclusion that the exceptionally fine weather suggested an extension of the sea-trip from the Hebrides to the Norwegian coast, and thence to Copenhagen, where are assembled all the members of the Danish Royal Family. That our Premier should wish to see the art-treasures of

that fine city, and exchange greetings with the Princes and Princesses who are the guests of the King of Denmark, is incredible to Continental gobemouches. The family dinner at Fredensborg, and the subsequent luncheon on board Sir Donald Currie's steamship, have as deep a significance in the eyes of European journalists as Mr. Pickwick's celebrated message, "chops and tomato sauce," had in the apprehension of a British jury. Was not the Emperor of all the Russias conspicuous in this brilliant gathering? and what more natural, and almost inevitable, than that these hospitable entertainments should cover a deep-laid plot for forming an anti-German alliance, or—as the *Temps*, one of the soberest of Parisian journals, puts it—for the construction of an anti-Bismarckian league of "Russia, Turkey, Greece, the Scandinavian Kingdoms, and the Balkan Principalities"? From time to time we are amazed at the blunders of our nearest neighbours relative to social life in England. But that they should be so ignorant of the alphabet of our Constitutional system as seriously to imagine that a British Premier could think of forming such combinations during a brief pleasure-trip passes comprehension.

But, however imaginary may be the starting of an anti-German league, the alliance which Prince Bismarck has formed for the preservation of the peace of Europe is a grave reality. It might have been thought that the newspapers of Berlin and Vienna had too much confidence in the stability of the combination which, besides the central Powers, includes Italy, Roumania, and Servia, to give currency to such absurd speculations. It is possible that, as an eminent diplomatist is reported to have remarked, "Europe is at the present moment suffering from a vague but widespread feeling of uneasiness," and "a general apprehension that we are on the eve of some grave disturbance." But such oracular predictions are not uncommon. They deserve as little attention as the report of the German Chancellor's scheme of mutual and proportionate disarmament, or the theory that there must be a gigantic war before Europe can peacefully settle down. The truth is that the military forces wielded by the Great Powers are so tremendous that they are afraid to use them. Menacing difficulties appear and disappear. A week ago it seemed as though a crisis had arisen in Bulgaria which would reopen the Eastern Question. Prince Alexander, at once weak and arbitrary, has brought that newly-formed State into a condition of chronic anarchy. The Czar was disposed to throw overboard his own protégé, who, in his turn, began to court Austria and Germany, in order to preserve his throne. Neither Prince Bismarck nor Count Kalnoky has encouraged intrigues which would have given serious umbrage to Russia. By mutual arrangement, the Prince is to retain his titular sovereignty under Muscovite Ministers, and both will be controlled by an Assembly representing all sections of the National party. The Czar reluctantly consents to the introduction of constitutional government rather than see his influence destroyed in the Principality, and the fortunate Bulgarians make one step towards their coveted independence.

While the octogenarian German Emperor is taking part in the autumn military manœuvres at Homburg with the energy and eagerness of youth, he has found time to say some emphatic words in encouragement of the movement for commemorating the four-hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther's birth. His Protestant subjects take an unusual interest in this celebration. The Students' Festival at Erfurt, a month ago, was followed last week by a grand fête at Wittenberg, the birthplace of Luther, where the Crown Prince, representing his Imperial sire, placed a laurel wreath on the Reformer's grave, and officiated at the opening of the Luther Hall. In November there is to be a more general celebration of the event throughout the German Empire. Both father and son, the former by a Cabinet rescript, urged the importance of calling to remembrance "the noble benefits of the Reformation"—the former as a means of "preserving morality and consolidating peace in the Evangelical Church"; the latter with a view to strengthen "liberty of conscience and religious toleration." The thousand Lutheran clergymen, and tens of thousands of sympathising laymen who were last week assembled at Wittenberg, are probably very far from accepting the theological creed of the intrepid Reformer. But they are agreed in admiring the heroic life and dauntless resolution of the monk who "shook the world," made the Reformation a reality, and Protestantism a living power in Europe. The Luther commemoration in Germany can hardly fail to have a beneficial reflex influence elsewhere, even in England, where the remembrance of the blessings introduced by the Reformation has, amid the conflicts and conflicting claims of ecclesiastical parties, become very faint.

The beautiful weather of the last week has gone far to repair the damage caused by recent heavy rains, and has enabled our agriculturists to gather in the outstanding crops in fine condition. The general report indicates that the total yield of this year's harvest for all kinds of grain will be above the average for the last five years; but the widespread prevalence of the foot and mouth disease is a serious drawback to farming prospects. The accounts from Ireland are unexpectedly favourable. Should the present genial weather last, the harvest is expected to be over in another week, and, on the whole, a fair average yield will, it is hoped, be realised.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The Silly Season, forsooth! Why September is a month when, perhaps, the daily newspapers are fuller of instructive and entertaining matter than is the case at any other season of the year. Newspaper readers are enjoying that sweet surcease from political talk with which we are blessed between the ending of the Session and the beginning of the awful inflictions known as "extra-Parliamentary utterances." In the course of a week or so the politicians will come back from the moors, from Homburg and the Engadine, from yachting in the Mediterranean and fishing in Norway; and the real Silly Season will begin. The Reign of Tongue, I mean; and that, too, among a class who, with very few exceptions, are the worst public speakers in the world.

So far from the present being a "silly" season, I look upon it as one in which the patient perusers of the daily papers can be made both merry and wise. Take the Trades' Union Congress at Nottingham and the Conference of the Library Association at Liverpool as examples of wisdom mingled with merriment. The first-named Sages have been holding a very humorous discussion as to whether girls under fourteen years of age should not be prohibited by Act of Parliament from making nails, bolts, rivets, and analogous articles in iron and steel. The male members of the Congress were of opinion that female children ought not to labour in forges, and that Mr. Broadhurst's bill, prohibiting the practice, should be re-introduced in the next Session of Parliament. Such an opinion, possibly, may be held by the majority of men-folk outside the Trades' Union Congress; especially when we learn that many children in the nail-making districts begin to learn the blacksmith's trade at six years of age, and that in the same districts scarcely one married woman in ten is acquainted with the rudiments of domestic economy.

But, strangely enough, two lady delegates at Nottingham took quite another view of the question. They doubted whether women could be made healthy by Act of Parliament; contended that what with the Factory Act and the Education Act girl-children had quite enough legislative protection, and finally denounced the proposal as a covert attempt to suppress female labour altogether. And there are three millions of women working at handicrafts in England, said one of the lady delegates. There must be some valid reason for experienced and clear-headed women denouncing a measure ostensibly designed for the protection of young girls. I should like to take a trip to the nail-making districts and see what the little girl blacksmiths are like. They are all "half-timers," of course. How do the Board School teachers deal with a young female blacksmith when she is refractory? I had an office once in a street where there was a great copper foundry; and I declare that I went daily in bodily fear of the coppersmiths' apprentices. Such desperately riotous young Pickles I had never met with, in all my life. Young blacksmiths, it may be, are milder mannered, and read their Longfellow.

The Silly Season! Do you call the discussion on "Hips versus Braces" silly? Some of the "dress reformers," you are aware, have been arguing lately in favour of the substitution of braces (which, when I was young, used, in the North of England, to be known by the expressive name of "gallowsses") for the suspension of the garments of the fair sex. But Dr. Horace Dobell writes to the *Times* to say that medical men and instrument-makers who have any experience in afflictions of the spine and chest are well aware that the hips, and not the shoulders, are the best part of the human frame for the support of weight, and that this applies *par excellence* to the hips of the female subject.

Therefore, concludes Dr. Horace Dobell, "unless we wish to multiply curved spines and defective chests, and to exchange the graceful freedom characteristic of a woman's carriage of her head, chest, and shoulders, for the poke-neck and hang-dog look so common among men, we shall not try to persuade our girls to strap themselves down with braces instead of supporting their clothes upon their hips, and leaving free the important upper half of the body." Bravo! Dr. Horace Dobell; and the Cestus of Venus for ever!

Lest you should think that I am travelling out of the record, and talking of things which do not concern me, I would have you note this additional remark of sensible Dr. Dobell. "Even men are better without their braces; and they always get rid of them, if they can, when they desire to have free action for their arms and the upper parts of their bodies."

I hate braces. I never wore any till I was fifteen. When I was approaching adolescence, the fashionable wear for a young Parisian was no braces, a handsomely-embroidered belt at the hips, and in summer, no waistcoat. Under those circumstances, you could show something noticeable in the way of a shirt-front; and those were the days of *chemises de cinquante francs*—and more. I hope that our boating, cricketing, yachting, and lawn-tennis playing Boys never wear braces. Our grandfathers never wore any; I don't think that more than sixty years have passed since "gallowsses" came into general use; and the obstinate determination of Sir Charles Wetherell never to brace up his nether garments was, if I mistake not, once alluded to in a Parliamentary debate.

Mem.: What would be thought of Mr. Henry Irving in "The Corsican Brothers" fighting a duel in braces?

There would really seem to be a touch of the Silly Season in the proposal favoured by the superintendents of the metropolitan police to provide police constables with a truncheon fitted at one end with a whistle. The opinion of a suburban constable has been taken on the subject; and he is reported to have said:—"I think it is a very stupid idea. Fancy my having to put the end of my staff into my mouth.

Why, the first thing a burglar would do would be to shove it down my throat and choke me." The constable expressed no wish to be armed with a revolver. The weapon for which he expressed a preference "was a good heavy stick. It would always be in your hand, and it would help you in walking; but they will not give us that, because it is not correct. Give us that, or let us walk in pairs."

During the Chartist troubles in 1848 the metropolitan police were, during a few weeks, armed with cutlasses. I think that I have seen at Milan and Genoa police constables armed with a thick stick with a heavy knob at one end. The New York police are generally armed with heavy clubs; and when I first went to the States (what may be the case now I do not know) the New York policemen on duty in Broadway carried short stout cowhides, somewhat resembling our dog whips. These might be made upon occasion very formidable weapons both of offence and defence. Did not the members of the British Legation in Japan, hard pressed in a nocturnal attack by unfriendly natives, defend themselves very successfully with hunting-whips? And for what purpose, do you think, do cavalry soldiers off duty in the streets of a garrison town carry horsewhips so jauntily? For dandyism's sake? Scarcely. The *cravache* makes excellent play when, as sometimes happens, the dragoons are mobbed by the roughs.

It must be nearer twenty than ten years since that, in describing in the "Echoes" the huts in the streets of St. Petersburg provided for the shelter at night of the *boutotsniks*, or policemen, I ventured to point out that the establishment of such sentry-boxes in the British metropolis at certain fixed points, and especially in the squares at the West-End, might be productive of considerable public benefit, not only in protecting the police from the inclemency of the weather, but in letting wayfarers know where a police constable was to be found, and serving as a terror to evildoers. The old Russian *boutotsnik*, with his poleaxe, has long since disappeared; but I suppose that his modern successor is still provided with his box at night. Meanwhile, I notice that the idea of police boxes for London has once more been ventilated by a correspondent of the *Times*, who also recommends that the boxes should be supplied with the *matériel* of the St. John's Ambulance Association, and placed in telephonic communication with the nearest police stations. They should also, to my thinking, be signalled by powerful red lamps, visible on their four sides.

Mem.: What was a "whistling arrow"? Such a weapon, noted as "one which the Indians use when they would treat of peace," was, with "a negro boy's cap, made from a ratskin," and "Mary Queen of Scots' pincushion," among the lots sold at the auction of rarities at "Don Saltero's Coffee-house" at Chelsea, in 1799.

Assuredly pertaining to a—if not *the*—Silly Season is the complaint of the gentleman who writes to the papers to say that one day last May he walked over from Margate to Birchington to visit the grave of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who is buried in the churchyard there. He sought in vain for a tombstone bearing the deceased painter's name; and none of the inhabitants knew where his grave lay, or were familiar with his name. It was only "by chance application to the sexton" that the inquisitive gentleman had one of a number of grass-covered mounds pointed out to him as Rossetti's resting-place.

Why did not the inquisitive gentleman begin operations by asking the sexton where the grave was? How on earth could the unsophisticated rustics of Birchington-on-Sea be expected to know anything about Dante Gabriel Rossetti? The gentleman should have recalled the story of the late Mr. Roebuck telling the agricultural labourer that the great Duke of Wellington was dead. "I'm mortal sorry for he," replied the husbandman; "but who wur he?"

Touching gastronomy and kindred subjects, I may mention that, during five weeks' stay in Brighton, I have made thirty-seven additions—some of them very rare and curious ones—to my culinary library. Did you ever meet with "Gunter's Confectioner's Oracle" (London, Miller, 1830), a droll little book, full of quotations from the classics and from the Italian poets, and in which William Gunter (his portrait and autograph form the frontispiece) tells us that Goldoni and Boccaccio (*sic*) yield us "a delightful meed of information" with respect to maraschino ice cream and apricot marmalade, and that it was a Count Alberfage Caramel, of Nismes, who discovered precisely the seventh stage of boiling sugar, termed, after him, a "caramel"?

Another "curio" is a little book, bound appropriately in blue, published anonymously in 1816, and called "The Experienced Butcher, showing the Respectability and Usefulness of the Calling and the Religious Considerations arising from it." The book begins with a dissertation on the lawfulness of eating animal food, and ends with "An Epitaph on a Butcher whose Name was Lamb."

Beneath this stone lies Lamb asleep,
Who died a Lamb and lived a Sheep.
Many a Lamb and Sheep he slaughtered'd,
But Butcher Death the case has altered.

"The Experienced Butcher" is really delightful reading. The author, to show the antiquity and respectability of the butcher's vocation, quotes Miss Starke's "Letters from Italy," in which she observes, "I have frequently seen the Tuscan cattle, when destined for slaughter, adorned with chaplets of flowers, precisely as the ancients used to adorn their victims for sacrifice. The Roman butchers still wear the dress, and use the knife of heathen-sacrificing priests." When did Miss Starke flourish; and have the picturesque usages which she cites quite died out in modern Italy?

But the oddest of my recent *trouvailles* is a thick octavo of nearly six hundred pages, "The Family Dictionary; or, Household Companion," of William Salmon, M.D., a work published in the reign of Queen Anne, and dealing, not only

with cookery, but also with "chocolat" "pouder" "pomanders, beautifying washes, preparations, "galenic and chemick," tinctures, elixirs, electuaries, pills, cerecloths, and "emplasters." This must be the same William Salmon, M.D., who, in the reign of Charles the Second, published an empirical dictionary of processes connected with the fine arts, entitled "Polygraphicé."

Salmon on cookery is very good; but it is disheartening to read his recipes, inasmuch as they show how few and faint are the advances in the Culinary Art which we have made since the days of Queen Anne. Take the article oysters, for example. Cooking oysters "in every style" is supposed to be an American specialty; but Salmon gives us a whole budget for roasting, broiling, stewing, frying, and pickling "oysters," for grilling them in the Dutch way, for "oister chewits," for making "oister gelly," "oister pye," and "oister scollop."

The precious jewel in Salmon's "Family Dictionary" is the following Advertisement, appended to the preface:—

I request all those gentlemen and others who send Letters to me about their own Concerns to be so Civil as to pay Postage for them; or else they may expect to go without an Answer. It is not reasonable that I should be at Charge for Persons I have no acquaintance withal, and the Business their own. I should not say this was it but now and then a Letter. But to receive about Two Thousand Letters 'a Year upon other People's Affairs, or some Trifling Matter, and to pay Postage for them, makes a considerable Sum. And Besides it is as Burdensome and Troublesome to Answer them as it is Chargeable to Receive them.

From the bottom of my heart, even at the distance of a hundred and eighty years, do I sympathise with Salmon.

A remarkable contribution to what may be called the Literature of Charity is the handsome volume just published by Messrs. Remington, "The Turkish Compassionate Fund: an Account of its Origin, Working, and Results," compiled by Mr. H. Mainwaring Dunstan, and edited by Mr. W. Burdett Coutts. In an ably written preface the editor pays a well-deserved tribute to Sir Henry A. Layard, to whose personal supervision, while he was Ambassador at Constantinople, the success of the Fund was largely due. Mr. Burdett Coutts also makes graceful mention of Lady Layard, of Mrs. Arthur Hanson, who worked "as only a woman can work to alleviate distress among Turkish women and children"; of Lady Charlotte Schreiber; and last, but not least, of "the Sisters of the Roman Catholic Order resident in Stamboul, thirteen of whom laid down their lives in the service of this Fund."

Of the part taken by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts in this great work of international Compassion and Mercy, it is almost superfluous to speak. The successful efforts of this munificent lady to organise a fund for the relief of the innocent victim of "man's inhumanity to man" are known to all the world. Her pathetic appeal for aid to the sufferers north and south of the Balkans roused the whole nation to benevolence, and resulted in that magnificent subscription-list which she herself headed with two successive donations of a thousand pounds each. The name of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts will be as imperishably linked with the history of the Russo-Turkish war as the name of Florence Nightingale with the history of the war in the Crimea.

"D. J." (Wallington) writes:—

"In 'Echoes' of Sept. 8 you allude to the word 'fiasco,' and add that you are by no means certain as to the origin of its use (in the sense of failure). I have a collection of newspaper cuttings (by no means so large nor so well arranged as yours), from one of which I transcribe what follows.

Thanking the gentleman for the neat compliments contained in the parenthesis, I would respectfully point out that my collection of newspaper cuttings is neither so large nor so well arranged as his own; for the simple reason that I have no collection of newspaper cuttings at all. I am obliged, in the course of every week, to mutilate with scissors or with penknife a large number of newspapers from all parts of the world; but at the end of the seven days my dearest delight is not to preserve, but to destroy the traces of toil which have served their turn and have become odious. The keeping of commonplace books is one thing; the collecting of newspaper cuttings another. The first process materially assists the memory. The second, I apprehend, is apt rather to weaken the memory than to strengthen it. Commonplace the statistics of population of the chief cities of the world, and you will remember at least something about the number of people in Pondicherry or in Pekin. But if you merely paste in a book the printed paragraph of statistics, I fail to see how the sum of your knowledge on the subject can be increased.

But, touching "fiasco," "D. J." obligingly tells me that there was once at Florence a celebrated harlequin by the name of Biancolelli, whose forte was the improvisation of comic harangues on any object which he might chance to hold in his hand. One evening he appeared on the stage with a flask ("fiasco") in his hand; but, as ill-luck would have it, he failed altogether in extracting any "funniments" out of the bottle. At last, exasperated, he thus apostrophised the flask: "It is thy fault that I am so stupid to-night. *Fuori!* Get out of this!" So saying, he threw the flask behind him, and shattered it to atoms. Since then, whenever an actor or singer failed to please an audience, they used to say that it was like Biancolelli's "fiasco." The explanation is certainly an ingenious one; and possibly some Italian correspondent will favour me with an entirely different version of the origin of the saying.

"Joining the Majority." On this head also I have been enlightened by kindly correspondents. "F. S." (Henwyke, Worcester) refers me to Dr. Young's tragedy of "The Revenge," act iv., sc. 1, in which Alonzo, addressing Zanga, says—

Life is the desert, life the solitude:
Death joins us to the great majority.

Another correspondent, "G. A. L." (Clifton), tells me that in "Foster's Essays"—the one on the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion—occurs the following—

Some anticipate the other world in very defined images. I recollect one of them . . . thus expressing his complacency in view of the Great Deliverer.

Death joins us to the great majority;
'Tis to be born to Platos and to Caesars,
'Tis to be great for ever,
'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition, then, to die.

Foster, my informant adds, does not state whence his quotation comes. Obviously it is from Dr. Edward Young. But yet another correspondent, "J. M." (Silloth, Cumberland), writes, pithily: "The phrase 'joining the majority' is a free translation of the sepulchral formula, 'abierunt ad multos,' used by the Roman legionaries in Britain, and a very beautiful formula it is." G. A. S.



SKETCHES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE POTATO SHOW.

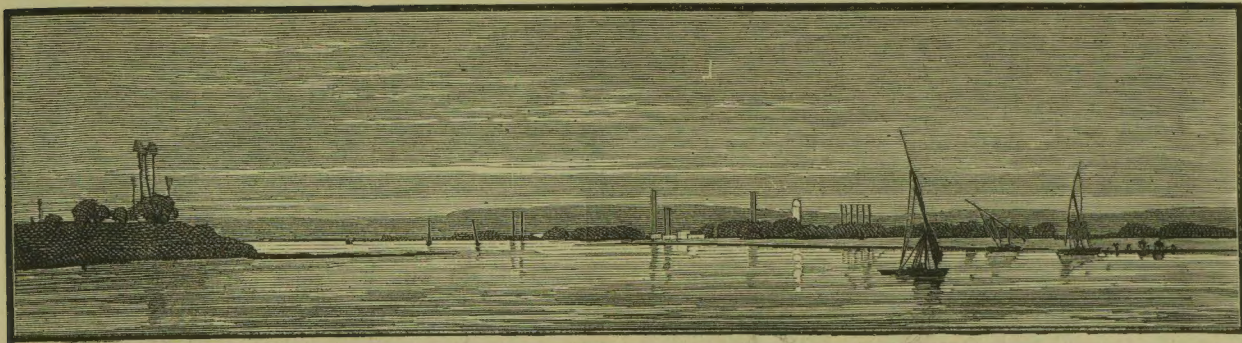
A Grand International Exhibition was held at the Crystal Palace, on Thursday and Friday of last week, "for the encouragement of the best means of potato culture, and for the introduction and diffusion of improved varieties." It was presided over at the opening, and at a subsequent luncheon, by Alderman and Sheriff P. De Keyser, in the absence of the Lord Mayor, and the City Corporation was fully represented in the list of Vice-Presidents. The committee was formed of scientific and practical cultivators of this useful vegetable, mostly from the Home Counties, but two or three from the West of England, Scotland, and the United States of America. Mr. P. McKinlay, of Headley Lodge, Penge, the Honorary Secretary, Mr. John Harrison, of Leicester, Messrs. A. Barron and W. Fenn, and Mr. Shirley Hibberd, the well-known writer

upon horticultural topics, were judges to award the prizes, which ranged from ten shillings to £10, for the best dishes of potatoes, classified in different varieties; one class being confined to gentlemen's private gardeners. The show, under an awning in the nave of the Crystal Palace, was attractive to many visitors on both days; and our Artist's Sketches are divided in their particular subjects between the figures of the company, including one simple rustic who mistakes a Beadle for an Alderman, and the goodly but grotesquely shaped specimens, of enormous size, bearing such fanciful names as "White Elephant," "Hero," "Jumbo," and "Cetewayo." Their quality, in general, was remarkably fine; and the potato namesakes of distinguished persons—Lord Beaconsfield, Sir Garnet Wolseley, and others—did ample credit to their popular sponsors. The

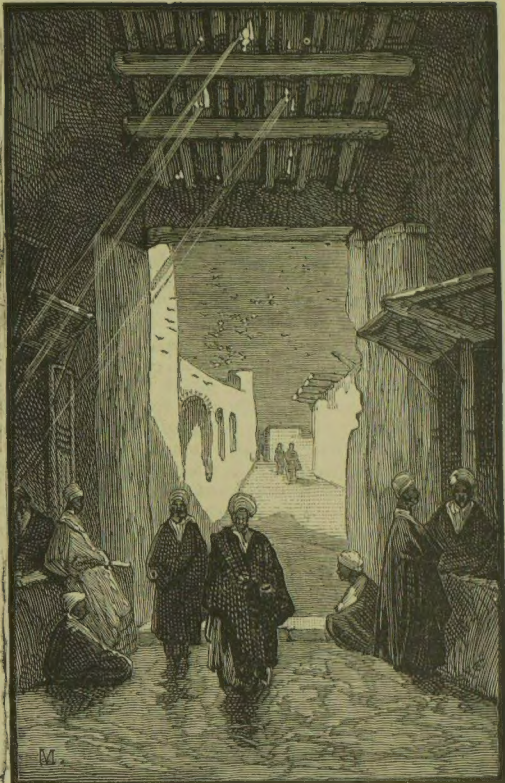
"Rousham Park Hero," which gained a first prize, showed a form of rare symmetry, and was really beautiful in its way. This is the ninth or tenth annual Potato Show that has been held by the society, which has a most useful public object in view.

The steam-ship Athenian arrived at Plymouth on Monday at noon, having on board O'Donnell, charged with the murder of James Carey, in the custody of Inspector Cherry, of Algoa Bay, who gave up his prisoner to the officers sent from Scotland-yard to take him on in the ship to Southampton. On Tuesday O'Donnell was landed at Southampton, and then conveyed to London. In the afternoon he was brought up at Bow-street Police Court, and remanded for a week.

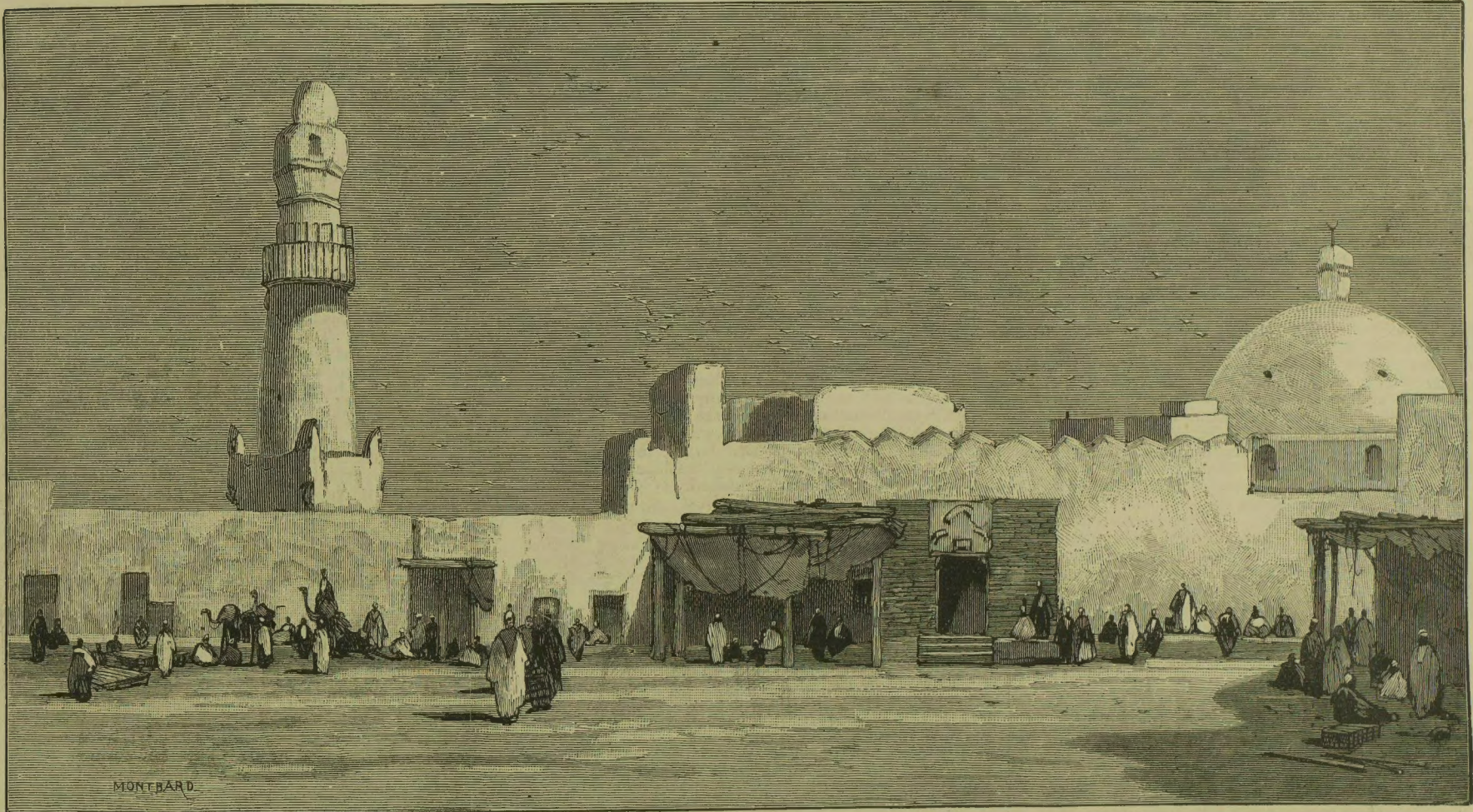
ERMENT, NEARLY OPPOSITE LUXOR.



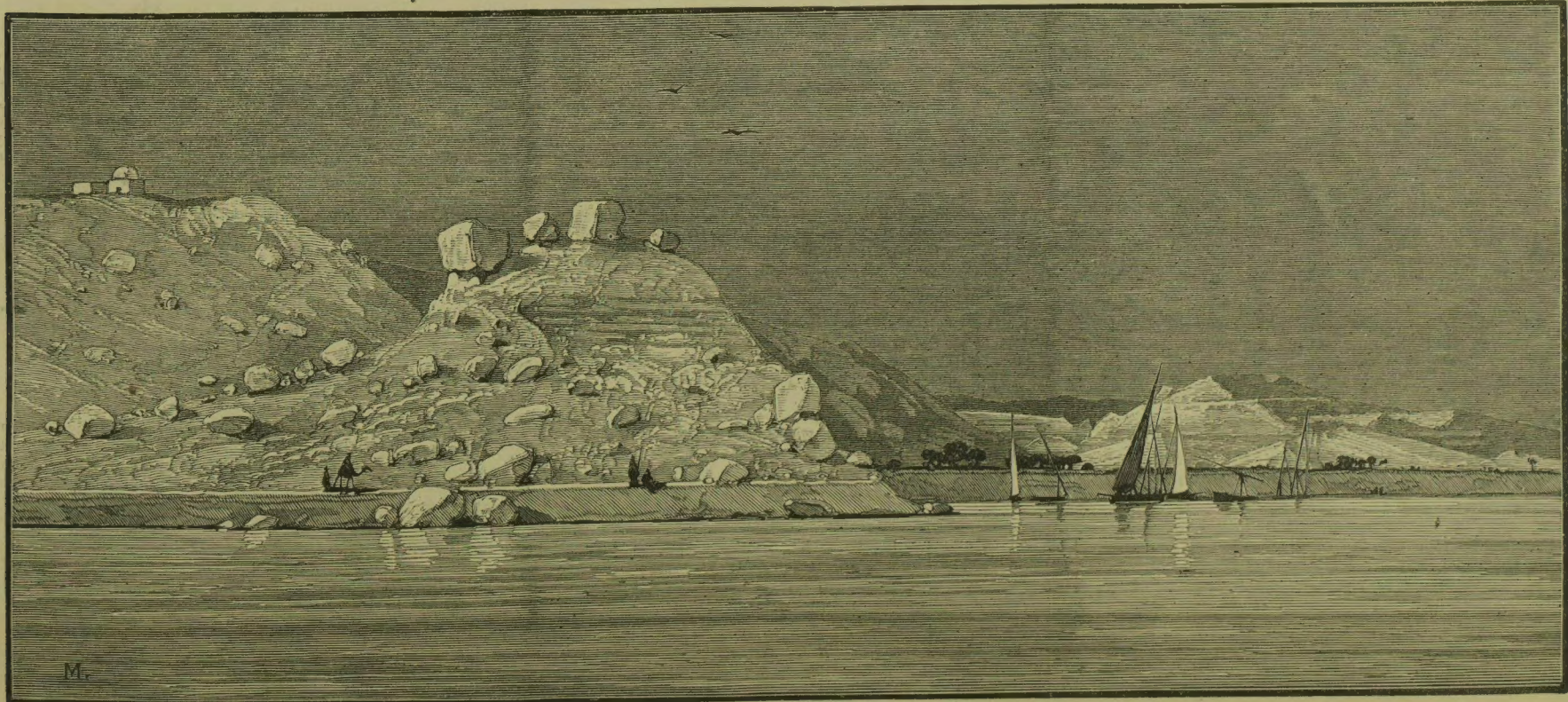
DISTANT VIEW OF THE ARABIAN MOUNTAIN RANGE, BETWEEN ESNEH AND EDFOU.



ENTRANCE DOOR OF THE BAZAAR AT ESNEH.



THE MARKET-PLACE AT ESNEH.



TERMINATION OF THE ARABIAN MOUNTAIN RANGE ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE NILE, NEAR EDFOU.

THE FIRE AT CORTACHY CASTLE.

The seat of the Earl of Airlie, in Forfarshire, called Cortachy Castle, eight miles north of the town of Forfar, was partly destroyed by an accidental fire yesterday week. It was in the temporary occupation of the Earl and Countess of Dudley, who were to have lived there from the beginning of August till November. The Earl of Airlie is at present in India, and the Countess of Airlie is in Australia, or on her voyage home. Lord and Lady Dudley had brought with them a large household of servants, and had about twenty visitors staying at the castle. They had gone out for a drive in the afternoon, and few persons except the servants were in the house, when, between three and four o'clock, it was discovered that fire had broken out in one of the housemaids' rooms. It is said that the fire was in a defective chimney flue, whereby some wood-work was ignited from the kitchen on the floor below. The servants and harvest labourers, under the direction of Mr. Black, Lord Airlie's factor, did what they could to subdue the fire. The flames, however, gained on them, and a messenger had to be dispatched for assistance from Kirriemuir and Forfar. In a short time the fire appeared through the roof, and whilst the furniture and clothing were being carried off and thrown out of the windows, the roof began to fall in, and the fire reached the turret at the other end of the castle. Only one fire-engine, and that from Forfar, was available, for which, however, an abundant supply of water was obtained from the river Esk, which flows within a few yards of the castle. The firemen devoted their energies to endeavouring to save the old castle, which is connected with the modern building at its south-east corner. The ancient baronial edifice was thereby preserved. The new part, which was erected about ten years ago, is destroyed, with much of its contents, which were insured, but some valuable furniture is lost. Our illustration is from a sketch by Mr. G. F. King, of Aberdeen.

SKETCHES OF UPPER EGYPT.

A short distance up the Nile above Luxor and Karnak, and the ruins of ancient Thebes, which have been described in our former notices, is Erment, the Greek Hermonthis, with the ruins of a temple founded by Cleopatra, and those also of a Christian church, amidst the mud huts of the village, which has a plain mosque, with minarets, for its Moslem worship. The walls of the Ptolemaic temple are decorated with sculptures representing the Queen and her son offering sacrifices to the divine Bull. The next place worthy of note is Esneh, a town of six thousand people, the capital of its province, enjoying a large trade with the Soudan. Our Artist has sketched a view of the market-place, with the dome and the tower of two mosques, and with the tents and stalls of merchants, some of whom appear to be inspecting carpets or pieces of cloth. The entrance door of the bazaar is shown in another of his sketches, with a few grave men of business religiously intent upon their schemes of traffic. There is a ruined ancient temple likewise at Esneh, but half buried in the accumulation of earth, which rises nearly to the capitals of the columns. The portico, however, has been cleared, by which, descending some steps, the visitor enters a fine hall, built in the time of the Roman Empire, the names of Tiberius and Vespasian, of Trajan, Hadrian, and Antoninus, being inscribed on its walls. Its ceiling is decorated with the figures of the zodiac, and the ram-headed diety, Kneph, seems to have been here made the object of devotion. Proceeding further up the Nile, the tourist comes to El Kab, which has remains of a fort and three temples. Here the mountains seen on the right bank of the river, looking towards the Red Sea and Arabia, which are often called in Egypt "The Arabian Range," seem to approach their termination. Sandstone hills and cliffs, with many loose scattered blocks, and sometimes excavated into quarries or caverns, are close to each bank, leaving a breadth of 350 yards only at the place called Gebel-es-Silsileh, a little way above Edfou. The traveller ascending the Nile is then approaching near to Assouan, to the celebrated Isle and Temple of Philoe, and to the First Cataract, of which we may speak on a future occasion.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

The true local centre of Scottish romance, the poetic charm of which has been revealed by the genius of Sir Walter Scott, is to be found nowhere in the Highlands, not even on the shores of Loch Katrine. It is the mystic Eildon Hill, with the beautiful wooded banks of the Tweed, winding around that graceful eminence, and from its confluence with the Ettrick, above Abbotsford, past Sir Walter's lordly mansion, past the Gala Water, Darnick Tower, and Melrose Abbey, thence below the opposite hill of pleasant Bemerside, down to Dryburgh Abbey. It was here that Scott's tomb was made by his own choice, within sight of Smailholm Tower and of Sandknowe, the nursery of his poetic childhood, which is fondly described in the gentlest verses he ever wrote:—

It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But, ever and anon, between,
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruined wall.
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all his round surveyed;
And still I thought that shattered tower
The mightiest work of human power;
And marvelled, as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitched my mind,
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurred their horse
Their southern rapine to renew
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And, home returning, filled the hall
With revel, wassail-rout, and brawl.

We have repeated these lines at Sandknowe, by Smailholm Tower; and have there felt that we understood the heart and mind of Walter Scott better than we could anywhere else—far better than we could at Abbotsford, which was the ambitious mistake of his life, and better than we could at Edinburgh, where his life was too busy and worldly. It is but an hour's walk from that place, hallowed by the earliest conscious movements of his glorious imagination, to the banks of the Tweed at Dryburgh Abbey, and to the noble ruins amidst which, in St. Mary's aisle, belonging to his maternal ancestors, reposes the mortal body of him who, next to Shakespeare, has most powerfully conceived and expressed the feelings of his countrymen. That is enough praise for an author, who may not have been one of the greatest or wisest of men, but who has enlarged, refreshed, and kindled to enthusiasm the minds of hundreds of thousands of his fellow-men speaking and reading our English tongue.

All this district, as everybody knows, though not the birth-place of Walter Scott, is consecrated to his fame; but it became his chosen abode for the sake of a host of legendary, or half-historical, half-poetical, associations with every nook and corner of it, which he had studied from his earliest youth.

These should be traced on the spot, with the assistance of his writings and of the "Border Minstrelsy." The reader should go with him by Huntley Burn, where True Thomas, the prophet and rhymers of Ercildoune, met the Fairy who laid upon him a wondrous spell of soothsaying; by the awful tomb of Michael Scott, the wizard, in the moonlight sanctity of Melrose Abbey; up the delightful vale of the Leader, to see "the bonny broom of the Cowdenknowes," a garland of gold on the breast of that fair hill; or by the Allan Water, to find the Glendearg scenes described in "The Monastery"; or in the woods rising behind Abbotsford, and on the slopes of Eildon Hill, which is beautiful from every point of view, and has been, from a remote antiquity, regarded with a singular veneration. Its summit, curiously divided into three eminences, seems to have excited ignorant wonder, and to have been associated with superstitious fancies older than the Christian era. The Eildon Hill visibly presides over this Land of Scott, and looks down upon his tomb in Dryburgh Abbey.

The Abbey itself, with that of Melrose, four miles distant, and those of Kelso and Jedburgh, was founded in the twelfth century by the Scottish King David I., but was rebuilt two hundred years later, after the wars of Robert the Bruce. It was destroyed, like the others, in 1544, by the wanton insolence of the English invaders under Sir Brian Layton and Sir Ralph Eure or Evers, who were soon afterwards defeated and killed on Ancrum Moor. The western gable of the nave, the ends of the transept, and part of the choir are still remaining, with the aisle containing Sir Walter Scott's tomb, and those of his wife and son. The place belongs to the Earl of Buchan, and is carefully kept in order. Our Engraving is from a drawing by the late Mr. Samuel Read.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

About the middle of July a rumour was circulated that the arrangement came to between the Mexican Government and the bondholders had been modified by the former. Mr. H. B. Sheridan, the Chairman of the Committee of Bondholders, thereupon sent to the press a communication, dated July 16, saying that there was no foundation for that statement, and quoting a telegram from the President of the Republic, in which it was asserted that "the settlement made with the bondholders by Señor Rivas, and accepted by the Chambers, is irrevocable." I mentioned at the time that Mr. Sheridan's communication by no means disposed of the rumour referred to, and my distrust has been justified by the publication of a telegram, dated Mexico, the 15th inst., giving a brief résumé of the President's message to Congress, in which it is mentioned that "it became necessary to modify the agreement made by the unofficial agent of the Government with the British bondholders, but that negotiations are now in progress to settle the matter on an equitable basis." Without putting too fine a point on the matter, this statement of the position bears the impress of an unmitigated piece of shuffling. To speak of "the unofficial agent of the Government" is mere nonsense, such a description of the gentleman who negotiated the arrangement being a contradiction in terms. It may be convenient to say that the agent of the Government had no official standing, if the intention is to slip out of the arrangement he was deputed to negotiate; but no person acquainted with diplomatic usages will believe it for all that. Again, when did "it become necessary to modify the agreement" thus unofficially concluded, afterwards voted by the Chamber, and then pronounced by the President to be "irrevocable"? Perhaps Mr. Sheridan can answer these matters to the satisfaction of the bondholders. But, perhaps, without such aid, a solution is to be found in the difficulty the Government and its agents, "unofficial" or otherwise, are encountering in their efforts to raise the \$4,000,000 Loan, without which the debt arrangement will fall to the ground. So far the whole affair looks a very miserable piece of business, and one for which my readers will hardly have been unprepared.

A considerable recovery has taken place in Virginia New Funded Bonds, the main reason being that the London market for these securities is free from the manipulations of the New York operators. The latter only hold bonds from which the last two or three over-due coupons have been detached, and which in consequence render them a bad delivery here. Sales from the other side are therefore checked, and English holders are in this way protected against an artificial depreciation. When the late decision was given in favour of the bondholders' claims as to the "tax receivability" of the coupons I prepared them for the contingency of an appeal against that result of the suit, and since I last wrote it has been announced that notice of appeal has been lodged. I have no doubt that the bondholders will, in the end, gain their point; but I have also no doubt that they will yet have to exercise considerable patience before their troubles can be considered as definitely terminated.

While the foreign market, as a whole, has been steadily rising, under the influence of a conviction that an actual rupture between France and China will be averted, Spanish Bonds have been singularly weak. The selling has been persistent from Madrid, just as it was prior to the late military risings. There has been no suggestion that a repetition of that episode is maturing, but well-informed people are by no means easy as to the political situation in the country. A Ministerial Crisis is again threatened; and if there is one thing which more than any other is calculated to foster a spirit of turbulence in Spain, and bring to the surface the discontented and dangerous elements that are ever threatening the peace of society and the very Constitution itself, it is this perpetual intrigue and turmoil going on in Spanish Ministerial circles. The market is rendered additionally sensitive by the circumstance that there is an old-standing and decidedly inflated account for the rise in Madrid, and in the event of a political upset, which seems to be ever maturing, the bonds might have a further serious break-down. The present movement is therefore one demanding extreme caution. T. S.

During a fog on Monday morning the ship St. Leonards came into collision with the steamer Cormorant, a few miles from Berry Head, near Dartmouth. The former vessel sank, but the crew and all the passengers, many of whom were emigrants, were saved.

The clever and interesting Sketches of Sport in North Devon (Trout-Fishing and Otter-Hunting) which appeared in this Journal on the 8th inst., were furnished by an amateur correspondent, to whom we feel much obliged, and we regret that his name was accidentally omitted in the accompanying notice of the subject. Captain E. A. De Cosson, of Whaddon House, Bruton, Somerset, is favourably known to readers of narratives of African travel and adventure, being the author of a book, "The Cradle of the Blue Nile," which was published by Mr. Murray some years ago, and which obtained a good share of public favour. He resided for some time in Abyssinia, and explored the neighbouring countries, with whose native races and their chiefs he became thoroughly acquainted. Since his return, in 1873, we have occasionally been in communication with Captain De Cosson, whom we find equally at home in the sports of Exmoor, and in the hunting experiences of Eastern Africa.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Invigorated and refreshed, let us hope, by a period of much-needed rest and change of scene, the favourites of the stage are quickly resuming the yoke. On Monday, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal reappeared at the St. James's in Mr. B. C. Stephenson's extraordinarily successful comedy of "Impulse," which is to retain its place in the bill until the new American play by Mrs. Burnett and Mr. W. H. Gillets is produced. The same evening Miss Violet Cameron resumed her original fascinating rôle in "Rip Van Winkle" at the Comedy. Mr. John Clayton and Mr. Arthur Cecil inaugurate their partnership at the Court next Thursday with a fresh comedy by Mr. G. W. Godfrey; and the doubtless diverting dialogue furnished by the author of "The Parvenu" for the *dramatis personæ* of "Married to Money" (as the new piece is to be called, according to report) is bound to be delivered with due point by a company comprising such skilled comedians and comédiennes as Mr. Clayton and Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Cecil and Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree, Mr. Mackintosh and Miss Marion Terry. On Saturday, the 29th instant, the revival of "Fédora," at the Haymarket is to be signalled by Mr. Bancroft's assumption of the part which Mr. Coghlan found uncongenial. It was so great a pleasure to witness the triumph which "The Merry Duchess" at once achieved at the Royalty, that it is an equal pleasure to note that this thoroughly English Comic Opera has also been received with enthusiasm at the Standard Theatre, New York. The fairy opera which Mr. Frederic Clay and Mr. George R. Sims are fabricating for the opening of the new Alhambra will be superior to the class of entertainment provided for the old Alhambra. Whether it is called "The White Queen" or by any other name, this new spectacular opera will possess a remarkably strong plot, and, while the libretto will contain some fine poetic flights and sparkle with the wit and humour for which Mr. Sims is noted, the music of Mr. Clay is spoken very highly of; and the bold construction of the piece will afford exceptional opportunities for novel spectacle and brilliant ballet.

Piquante, petite, and exceedingly pretty in her short pink dress, black silk hose, and large white garden bonnet, Miss Minnie Palmer made a favourable impression directly she tripped on to the stage of the Grand Theatre on Monday evening in the three-act "musical comedy" of "My Sweetheart." It may be confessed the piece itself, of a medley class not uncommon in the United States, has little to recommend it—save as a framework for the tuneful singing and neat dancing of the clever young hero and heroine, and the astounding tomboy pranks of Miss Minnie Palmer in particular. The plot is simple. It relates to the love trials of a good-looking German lad of a light-hearted disposition, Tony, by name. He so far resembles the fabled donkey that he is in love at one and the same time with his lively little playmate at the farm (Miss Minnie Palmer is the vivacious Tina), and with a more mature lady, named Mrs. Fleeter, who, with her gambling brother, is prowling round, seeking what victims she can devour. Tony, who is found to be a quarry worth bringing down, inasmuch as he is heir to a fortune and a title, yields to the blandishments of Mrs. Fleeter. He accompanies the designing brother and sister to New York, where he is discovered by Tina on the eve of marriage with his enslaver. But the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang oft awry; and Mrs. Fleeter's trap fails through the opportune appearance of the husband she believed to be dead. It only remains to transport Tony (suddenly stricken blind) to the old farm, where his sight is restored by the care of a friendly doctor and the nursing of Tina, whose hand and heart he wins, into the bargain. As I have already intimated, however, it is in the performances of Miss Minnie Palmer as the wilful Tina, and Mr. Charles Arnold as the debonaire Tony, that the interest centres. The very young lady, quaint unto eccentricity, has a sweet mezzo-soprano voice, rich and full; and is heard to advantage in her first song descriptive of the peculiar kind of shyness with which she is afflicted, and in the "Cuckoo" duet she sings with Tony. As a grimace-maker, I should say Miss Minnie Palmer is Champion in a branch of art in which nobody is likely to be anxious to vie with her. Regarded, indeed, from the severe standpoint of young ladies taught to purse their lips by the daily pronunciation of "potatoes, prunes, and prisms," the Tina of Miss Minnie Palmer is an ill-conditioned girl of incurably bad behaviour. Still, in the kitten-like playfulness of this saucy, fascinating fay there is something irresistibly droll and entertaining; and, when certain extravagances are toned down, Tina should become a London favourite. Enthusiastically encored and recalled, Miss Minnie Palmer undeniably pleased the Islington audience. She is happily mated in the Tony of Mr. Charles Arnold, a good actor as well as a sweet singer; and she is well supported by Mr. Philip Ben Greet as a "too too" "dude" or "masher" of an old-fashioned kind; by Mr. T. J. Hawkins in a fresh and rough study of a "broken-down sport," Joe Shotwell. The rustic life at the old farm is made real by the humour and briskness of Miss Jane Grey as Dame Hatzell, and Mr. H. Crichton as Fussy Old Si; and the play is otherwise fairly acted by Mr. J. S. Wood and Miss Helen Carroll. "My Sweetheart" is to be played for several nights at the Grand; and this (Saturday) afternoon the Gaiety matinée audience will be afforded an opportunity of judging of Miss Minnie Palmer's eccentricities and talents.

Madame Ristori is about to commence an extensive provincial tour, and will visit Bath, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Dublin, Glasgow, and Edinburgh with a strong company, including a talented and charming daughter of the popular composer and pianist, Mr. W. Kuhe. Miss Georgina Kuhe, who may be felicitated on the auspices under which she has the good fortune to begin her dramatic career, has been engaged by the distinguished Italian actress to sustain the parts of the Princess de Lamballe in "Marie Antoinette," Margaret Curl in "Marie Stuart," and Margaret Lambrun in "Elizabeth."

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress have returned to the Mansion House, after a long tour in the West of Scotland.

The Marquis of Carmarthen, eldest son of the Duke of Leeds, attained his majority on Tuesday, and the occasion gave rise to considerable festivity at Hornby Castle, near Catterick.

On Tuesday the twentieth annual meeting of the British Pharmaceutical Society began at Southport. Professor Atfield gave the presidential address, his subject being "The Relation of the State to Pharmacy." The paper entered fully into the questions affecting the retailing of drugs and poisons, showing that the State ought to step in to prevent unqualified persons dealing in such articles.

At a special meeting of the Wisbeach Town Council on Tuesday Mr. Abernethy, C.E., attended, and explained the details of the proposed docks which the council resolved to promote in the ensuing Session of Parliament. The estimate for a six acre dock is £143,000, and for ten acres £188,000. The lock is proposed to be 250 ft. long between gates, and 50 ft. wide; depth of water over all, 24 ft. at spring-tides, and 15 ft. 6 in. at neap tides.

MUSIC.

The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts are still running a prosperous career, and seem likely to continue to do so for many weeks to come. The taste of the public is consulted in various styles; popular music and classical works being included in the programmes, those of the Wednesday evenings being chiefly devoted to pieces of the latter description. Last week's performances included one of the most important yet given there during the season. The overture and other orchestral music composed by Mendelssohn for "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, his grand Symphony in the same key, and his Romance in F for violin (with orchestra) were the specialties of the occasion, and the earnest attention bestowed on them by a crowded audience testified to the progress of public appreciation of music of the highest order. The fine band, conducted by Mr. A. Gwynllyn Crowe, gave good effect to the orchestral music, and Madame Frickenhaus and Mr. Viotti Collins were, respectively, efficient soloists in the concerto and the romance. The vocal pieces were: Haydn's "With verdure clad"; the air "Lend me your aid" (and recitative), from Gounod's "La Reine de Saba," and "Quando a te lieta," from the same composer's "Faust"—all effectively sung, respectively, by Miss Hilda Coward, Mr. Maas, and Miss Helen D'Alton. The miscellaneous selection of the same evening brought forward a skilful arrangement by Mr. Hamilton Clarke (for orchestra and band of the Coldstream Guards) of prominent themes from Mr. F. Clay's successful comic opera "The Merry Duchess"—conducted by the composer thereof.

The Wolverhampton Festival took place last week. The performances occupied only two days, and presented no specialty calling for detailed comment. On the Thursday morning "Elijah" was given, with the familiar association of Miss A. Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. F. King, and Signor Foli as solo vocalists. The closing morning performance of yesterday (Friday) week comprised Mozart's "Jupiter Symphony," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Hummel's "Alma Virgo," and Gounod's "Messe Solennelle." The solo vocalists of the morning were Misses A. Williams and M. Davies, Mr. Maas, Mr. King, and Signor Foli. Evening concerts were given on both days—the first occasion having included Sir G. A. Macfarren's cantata, "The Lady of the Lake," and the second Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's "Jason," besides miscellaneous selections, the solo vocalists already named having also appeared on these occasions. The orchestra and chorus were on an efficient scale, and the performances were ably conducted by Dr. Swinnerton Heap. The festival was the sixth of the kind held at Wolverhampton; the object being to aid the funds of the Wolverhampton and Staffordshire General Hospital, which purpose will doubtless be largely served by the success of the celebration.

The afternoon performances of operas at the Crystal Palace are proceeding successfully. "Il Trovatore" was given last week, "La Sonnambula" was announced for Tuesday, and Flotow's "Martha" for Thursday. The production of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen" and Sir Julius Benedict's "Graziella" is promised for Sept. 29. Both works are cantatas, originally composed for concert performance, and this will be their first adaptation to the stage.

The Moore and Burgess Minstrels have just entered on the nineteenth year of their uninterrupted seasons at St. James's Hall. An appropriate address was delivered by Mr. Moore on the first night of the new series, and the performances presented the same attractive alternation of the sentimental and the humorous that has rendered these entertainments so popular.

There appears to be some probability that Sir A. Sullivan's long promised grand opera may be finished in time for the next season at the Royal Italian Opera. The work is understood to be "Mary Stuart," which was projected many years ago, to an English libretto sketched by the late Mr. H. F. Chorley.

Regret will be widely felt at the premature death of the young and popular contralto, Miss Orridge, who had recently attained a high position as an oratorio and concert singer.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Booseys' recent vocal publications comprise some pleasing drawing-room songs, among which are—"A Song and a Rose," by F. H. Cowen; "The cuckoo in the orchard," by Malcolm Lawson; "Had you but loved me," by C. W. Bucherer; "My early love," by F. L. Moir; "Once when a child" and "I told you so," by A. L. Mora; "The Light-house keeper," by J. Mountfort; "Fifty years ago, dearie," by Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff; and "Among the Lilies," a "Reverie," by H. B. Farnie, adapted to the melody of the characteristic "Stéphanie Gavotte" ("Czibulka"). All these are melodious in the vocal part, and altogether free from executive difficulties. Messrs. Boosey have also published an effective arrangement, by Mr. Kuhe, for the pianoforte, of Marzial's popular song, "Only friends," and a spirited waltz on the same subject, by C. Coote.

"Under the Dome" is a sacred song, of an impressive character, the words and music both by the Rev. A. J. Jones. There is, besides the pianoforte accompaniment, a part for organ obligato, by the use of which the solemnity of the effect is much heightened. Messrs. Metzler and Co. are the publishers of this and of "Thee only," by Malcolm Lawson—a song with a genuine vocal melody. The same firm issues "Cross Purposes" and "Love and the Maiden," sung with success, respectively, by Miss Fanny Holland and Miss Ward-rop in "Treasure Trove," the piece written by Arthur Law, and composed by A. J. Caldicott for the German Reed entertainment; the "Sobbing quartet," from which is likewise published separately. Mr. Caldicott's pleasing song "Unless" (to words by Mrs. Browning), with violoncello obligato, is among Messrs. Metzler's recent publications, as are the following pianoforte pieces:—Gustave Lange's effective pianoforte fantasia on Abt's song, "Waldandacht;" a melodious "Bagatelle d'Ennui" by Montefiori; a waltz by Mr. A. G. Crowe (conductor of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts) on Lady Arthur Hill's popular song, "In the Moonlight;" and "Souvenir d'Espagne," a set of characteristic waltzes by E. Waldeufel.

"Lebanon" is the title of an imposing march, forming No. 5 of a series of pieces for the pianoforte—under the general name of "The Holy Land"—composed by W. Smallwood and published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. The movement specified is also issued in an effective arrangement for the organ by Dr. Westbrook. Two pleasing songs—"The Dean's little daughter," by C. Marshall, and "The song of a boat," by Alice Borton, are also among Messrs. Cocks and Co.'s recent issues.

"Three Shadows," song, is a setting of lines by D. G. Rossetti by Dr. Swinnerton Heap, who has well reflected the sentiment of the words in some expressive vocal strains that require feeling rather than skill in their rendering. The publishers—Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.—have also issued the following effective songs:—"Nearly Caught" (a

pirate's song in true nautical style), by R. S. Hughes; "Chanson d'Etoiles" (with French and English words), by A. Hervey; "Down by the Rustling Beeches," by R. Mahlig; and "My Love is Here," ballad, by E. Ford.

More important than the above-named pieces is Sir G. A. Macfarren's new oratorio, "King David." This is also published by Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.—in anticipation of its production at the forthcoming Leeds Triennial Festival, where it will be performed, for the first time, on Oct. 12.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

The past Doncaster Meeting was unquestionably by far the tamest that has been held on the famous town moor within the last twenty years; and yet, thanks probably to the beautiful weather, the attendance has never been equalled. Ossian was very properly not asked to run for the Scarborough Stakes on the Thursday, as his Leger victory entailed a 14lb. penalty; and, in his absence, the race was reduced to a match between Greenbank and Miss F., the finish being so desperately close that the layers of 4 to 1 on the former were in a terrible fright until his number went up. There was a great falling off in the number of runners for the Portland Plate, as only eleven went to the post, and backers generally did not care to support anything except Geheimniss (9 st. 3 lb.). It was, however, too much to ask this grand but unlucky filly to give a year, her sex allowance, and 7 lb. to Lowland Chief; and, though he was seriously disappointed in his effort to get through outside the distance, he managed to catch Lord Alington's representative in the last fifty yards, and to win by a head; Hornpipe (9 st. 3 lb.) was a moderate third, and nothing else made any show in the race. Four previous winners in Lord Byron, Cormeille, Wild Shot, and Kinsky, were amongst the field for the Rous Plate, but none of them were at all fancied; indeed, though there were ten starters, even money was laid on The Lambkin, by Camballo—Mint Sauce, who secured the easiest of victories. Wild Shot, who was only giving 5 lb. to the winner, had never previously been beaten, but she was probably out of form, and Lord Byron looked very much above himself, still the performance was a decidedly good one. The veteran Toastmaster (8 st. 4 lb.) had an easy task in the Alexandra Plate; and Montroyd (8 st. 3 lb.) proved much too good for Padlock (8 st. 9 lb.) and three others in the Wharcliffe Stakes. The card on the last day collapsed in the most melancholy fashion. It was not to be expected that the owner of Border Minstrel would pit him against Corrie Roy in the Doncaster Cup at only 9 lb. for the two years, especially as he had the Doncaster Stakes at his mercy; and, for the first time in its history, the Cup did not produce a contest, Thebais being allowed to walk over. The Prince of Wales's Nursery Plate, with its twenty-one runners, promised to be an exciting affair, and no one was quite prepared to see St. Simon (9 st.) make such a frightful example of his field. Amongst those he beat by any imaginable distance were good winners like La Trappe (7 st. 10 lb.), Kinsky (7 st. 8 lb.), and Primavera (7 st. 4 lb.), so St. Simon can fairly claim to rank with Duke of Richmond and Superba; and it is quite a moot point which of the three is the best juvenile of the season. There were seven runners for the Park Hill Stakes, of whom Spectre was the most fancied, on account of her clever victory in the Nassau Stakes at Goodwood. A mile and three quarters, however, proved quite beyond her compass, and Britomartis beat Bonny Jean, from whom she received 4 lb., cleverly enough at the finish; Hauteur was absolutely last, and has evidently not yet recovered from the effects of her accident in the spring.

Business in the sale-ring improved wonderfully after the first day; and, though there was only one sensational yearling, several of our best-known breeders did fairly well with their lots. A filly by Hermit—School Girl (600 gs.) headed the Waresley contingent; and Lord Scarborough's ten made capital prices, Strathend (800 gs.), a very promising colt by Strathconan—Viola, being at the top of the list. Mr. A. W. Savile's seven also sold well, Sherrard giving 700 gs. for the Wisdom—Enigma filly. The Duke of Hamilton spent part of his Leger winnings—the amount of which, by-the-way, was greatly exaggerated—in Empress Queen (700 gs.), bred by Mr. Botterill; but Mr. Crowther Harrison was the most successful breeder of the week, as his four youngsters averaged 1010 gs., thanks to The Coiner, a magnificent colt by Hermit from Crucible, and therefore half-brother to Goldfield; the competition for him was very animated, and at last he was knocked down to Mr. Burton for 2550 gs. The Blink Bonny Stud Yearlings did not realise anything like their customary average, though 1250 gs. was given for a colt by Beaulere from The Pearl.

The once famous Middle Park Stud was finally dispersed on Tuesday, a considerable portion of the stud farm being required for a railway. Purchasers did not muster strongly, and the eighty-seven lots disposed of only made a little more than 10,000 gs., Mr. Long, who was buying for the Australian market, laying out about one third of the entire sum. Old Scottish Chief, whose stock this season look as good as ever, went to Mr. Burton for only 500 gs., cheap enough, in spite of his twenty-two years; and Porter gave the same price for a foal by Hampton—Brown Agnes. Another foal, by Scottish Chief—Bonny Bell, made 460 gs., and the highest-priced brood mare was Pinnacle, for whom Mr. Long paid 500 gs.

Lord Lonsdale, while out cub-hunting on Monday morning with the North Pytchley hounds, of which he is master, rode at a five-barred gate near Lowick Thrapton, but his horse failed to clear it and fell. His Lordship was thrown violently to the ground, and, we regret to learn, was seriously injured.

On Monday evening the 100 Yards Amateur Swimming Championship was decided at the Lambeth Baths. The holder of the title, C. Depau, is at present in Australia, but there were ten starters, who swam in two heats. The final produced a really magnificent struggle, as there were barely two yards between the first and fourth man. W. Blew-Jones (Otter S. C.), a comparatively new man, won by two feet from A. F. Bettinson (German G. S.), who was half that distance in front of C. Hallam (St. Mary's Institute S. C.), and W. R. Tetley (Liverpool S. C.) was close up. The time (1 min. 11 sec.) is the best on record for an amateur.

The present year is the fourth centenary of the birth of Raffaele, the "prince of painters," as well as of Luther, the "prince of reformers." A Raffaele exhibition, therefore, in the north corridor of the British Museum, lately made available for such a purpose by the withdrawal of the natural history collections, has been opened as a kind of complement to the Luther exhibition in the Grenville Library.

Mr. S. Morley, M.P., on Monday evening distributed the prizes gained by the students at the Young Men's Christian Association, Aldersgate-street, and congratulated the association on its continued success. He considered it had done much to strengthen the early-closing movement by affording the means of making a good use of the time given after business hours.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty, with the members of the Royal family at Balmoral, has enjoyed various excursions recently, including a visit to the Glassalt Shiel, to Braemar, and through Castleton and round the Lion's Face. Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice, with Prince Albert Victor of Wales and Princess Christian and Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, passed a day at Loch Callater, luncheon being served on the side of the loch. After enjoying some angling, the Royal party drove to Glen Clunnie, returning to Balmoral for dinner. The Lynn of Quioch and other favourite localities have also been visited by the Princesses, and deer-stalking and driving, as well as fishing, have occupied the Princes. Prince Albert Victor of Wales left the castle last Saturday for Denmark. The Right Hon. Sir Edward Thornton, her Majesty's Ambassador at St. Petersburg, was of the Royal dinner circle. Divine service was attended, as usual, on Sunday at Balmoral. Princess Christian partook of tea one afternoon with Mr. Goschen and his family at the Fife Arms Hotel, Braemar. The Right Hon. Hugh Goschen has left the castle. Princesses Sophie and Marguerite of Prussia have arrived.

The Duke of Edinburgh returned to Vienna from Hungary a few days ago, and has since been staying there in strict incognito. On Wednesday his Royal Highness left Vienna en route for London. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have left Potsdam on a visit to the Grand Duke of Hesse, at Darmstadt. Their children set out on Monday to their return to England. Prince Albert Victor of Wales arrived at Copenhagen on Tuesday.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck, accompanied by their children, took their departure for Germany last Saturday. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Lady Geraldine Somerset, Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Cambridge, took leave of them at Victoria station. The Duke and Princess and family crossed to Calais in the Maid of Kent.

The Hereditary Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and their children, who have been staying with the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, at her residence in St. James's Palace, have left on their return to Germany.

Lieutenant his Serene Highness Prince Louis of Battenberg has been appointed to the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, vice Lieutenant William des V. Hamilton.

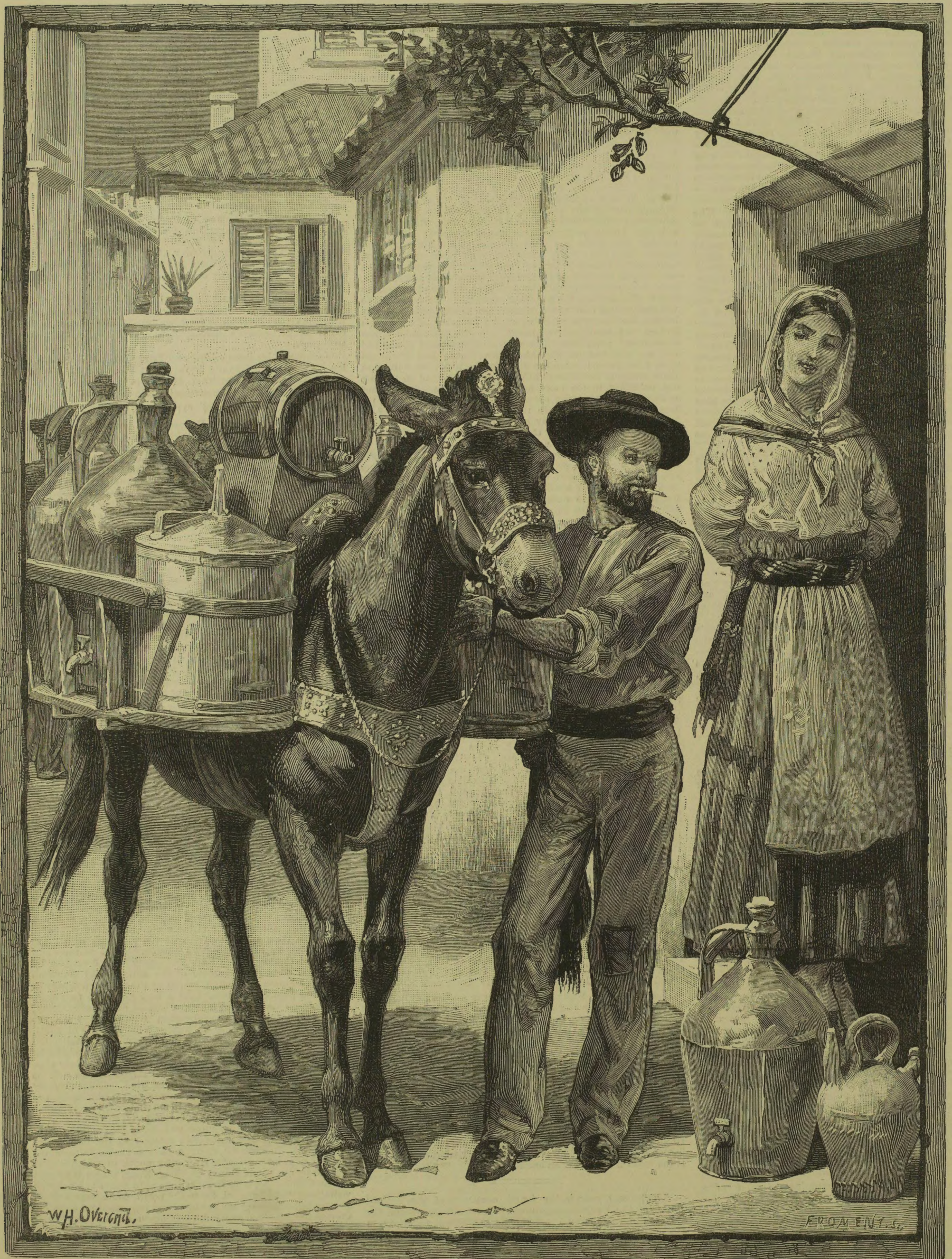
A LISBON OIL-VENDOR.

In those cities of Southern Europe which have not yet become thoroughly Frenchified—and Portugal has resisted that process far more stoutly than some of the Mediterranean countries—the primitive habits of the lower orders, even among the townfolk, are as distinctly marked as among the rustic peasantry. At Lisbon, for example, you need not go to a grocer's shop for the household supply of oil and vinegar; it will come to your door on a laden pack-horse, led by a smart young man with a coloured shirt, no coat or jacket, a red sash about his waist, a slouched hat, and with a cigarette in his mouth. He will spend a sweet quarter of an hour in a gallant flirtation with your pretty housemaid, and both will enjoy, in perfect innocence, this portion of their morning's work. "I have five lovers," says a Portuguese maiden, "three for the morning, two for the afternoon; to four of these I tell falsehoods; to you alone I speak the truth." We borrow this saying, and could cite the vernacular, from a scrap of popular song, given by Mr. Oswald Crawford in his pleasant book on "Portugal, Old and New." Some things, especially in Portugal, are fresh and racy, however old; and the ways and tricks of woman, in general, never become old and go out of fashion. This is the best comment, after all, upon the familiar incident of Lisbon domestic life, represented in the Artist's drawing on another page.

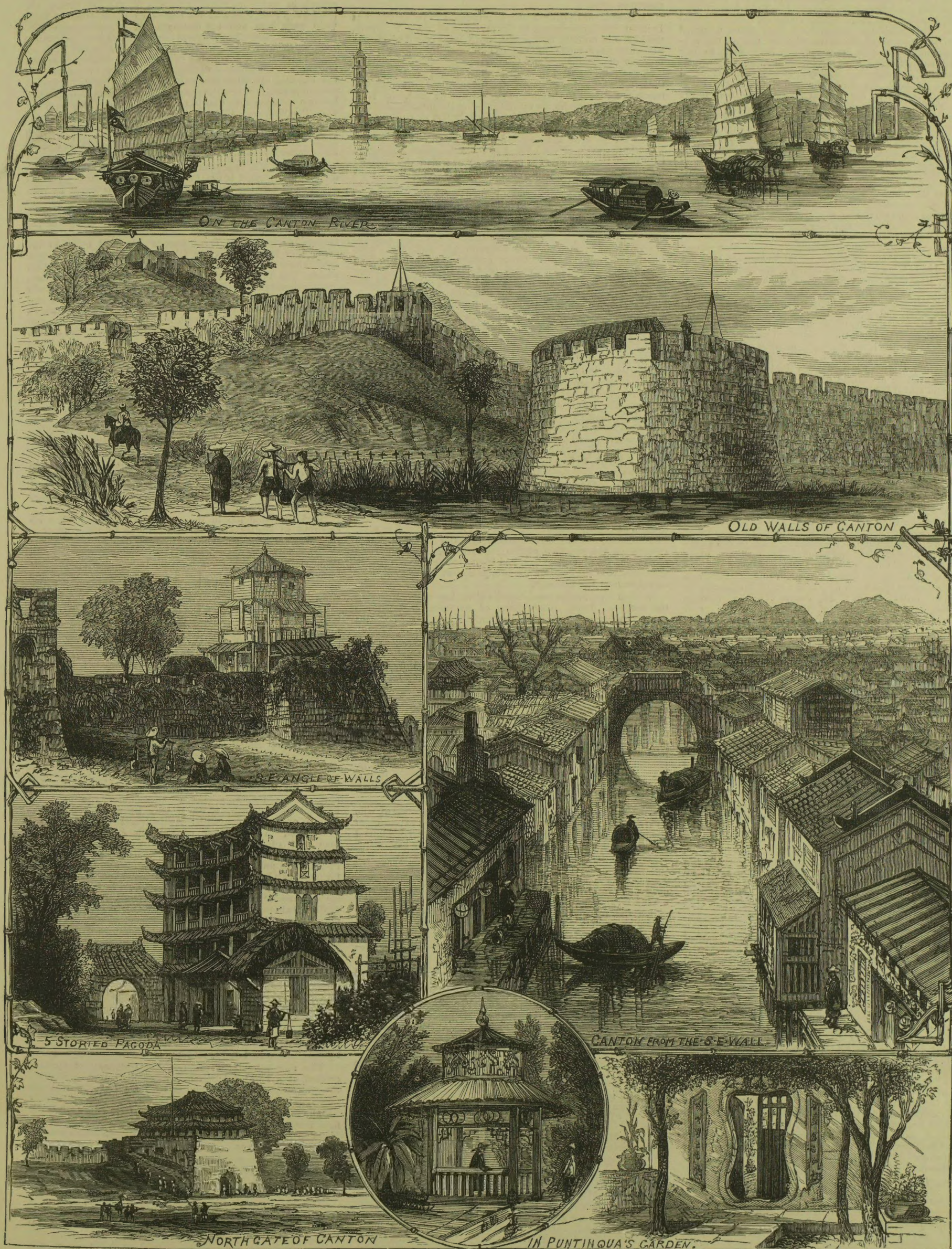
SKETCHES OF CANTON.

The recent alarming outbreak of mob fury against European residents at Canton, probably occasioned by the rumours of impending hostilities between France and China, may not, we will hope, be followed by similar outrages in the other Treaty Ports, or seriously disturb the peaceful commercial intercourse of that great Empire with the Western nations. It lends, in the mean time, an additional touch of present interest to the local scenes delineated in Sketches by Captain S. P. Oliver, R.A., which fill a page of this week's publication, but which were taken above twenty years ago, at the time of the Anglo-French war with China. They represent a View on the Canton River, with the native junks and barges, and with a tall pagoda on the distant bank; the stern old city walls and bastions, whose crumbling masonry could not long resist the effect of modern artillery; the interior canal, with its closely-built rows of houses and its lofty bridges; the five-storeyed pagoda, or temple, attached to a wealthy monastery of Chinese consecrated worshippers; the North Gate of the city, and the pavilions or private summer-houses of Puntinqua's garden. These features and aspects of Canton, which have frequently been described by travellers, seem characteristic of the antique and elaborate fabric of Chinese civilisation, reared by the patient industry of a teeming population throughout a long course of past ages, and perhaps destined to undergo, instead of a speedy decay, some grand internal transformation which will raise the laborious nation, counting its hundreds of millions of souls, to a yet higher degree of wealth and power. An intellectual conquest of China by Western ideas is far more likely to be witnessed, in the next half-century, than any military conquest, which, indeed, we believe to be impossible, as well as most undesirable for the welfare of mankind. As for this city of Canton, it has lost much of its former mercantile importance to Europeans; but its connection in old times with the lucrative trading monopoly of the East India Company, and the historical renown of British military successes here, in 1841 and 1857, still render it a place of considerable interest to the majority of Englishmen. Its situation, eighty miles from the sea, on the north bank of a great navigable river, the mouth of which is confronted by our island colony of Hong-Kong, places it nearest of the Chinese ports to the maritime approaches of European visitation; but Shanghai, far to the north, commands a much greater influence over the products and imports of the interior. Canton nevertheless retains its position as a rich emporium of provincial traffic, and as the administrative capital of that part of China. We may hereafter find an opportunity for some more particular account of the existing condition of this remarkable city.

The ship Berwicklaw, Captain Ure, left Glasgow yesterday week for Queensland ports, having on board 461 emigrants. The steamer Duke of Buccleuch, Captain West, left Plymouth on the 12th inst., also for Queensland ports, with 710 emigrants.—The ship Sydenham, chartered by Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed from Plymouth for Sydney on the 15th inst., with 342 emigrants.



A VENDOR OF OIL AND VINEGAR: A SKETCH NEAR LISBON.



SKETCHES IN CANTON.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Sept. 18.

This is, indeed, a golden age for painters. For them the public and the Government are full of attention; their exhibitions have become a habit, a fashion, a craze; for the painters the architects construct delicious dwellings in the finest quarters of Paris; for them the millionaire empties his purse; and so, instead of being hirsute and Bohemian, like the *rapins* of the novels of Balzac and Paul de Kock, the modern artist often figures as the hero of a fashionable novel, and he is considered to be an eligible match for richly-dowered maidens. This week the artists have once more occupied public attention, and all Parisians who are not at the seaside or at the covert-side have made it their duty to pay a visit to the first triennial or official Salon, which opened at the Palais de l'Industrie last Friday. It will be remembered that when, in 1880, the State abandoned the material and artistic organisation of the annual Salon of the Société des Artistes Français, it announced its intention of organising at stated intervals an official Salon comprising the best works produced during a fixed period by French and foreign artists.

This first official Salon, or Exposition Nationale, as it is styled, contains 717 pictures, by 372 French and foreign artists, produced since May 1, 1878, together with a certain number of works of sculpture, drawing, and engraving. In this exhibition the number of new works is very small, and the vast majority of the pictures are still fresh in our memories from having figured at recent Salons; indeed, many of them have simply passed the summer at the Palais de l'Industrie, after having figured at the Salon last May. This being the case, it is useless to repeat the review that appeared in these columns at that time; I shall only briefly call attention to the few new works, and, first of all, to the six pictures of M. Meissonier, who has long ceased to exhibit in the promiscuity of the annual Salons, and whose late work the public has had no opportunity of seeing. M. Meissonier's two portraits, of M. Victor Lefranc and of Mrs. Muckay, are excellent specimens of the artist's microscopic style, a style in which he can vie with the Van Mieris and the Van der Werfs of the Dutch museums. In "Le Guide," an episode of the Republican wars of 1797, the artist is, as usual, when he attempts pictures of moderately large dimensions, less successful. His troop of Grenadiers coming through a birch wood, down a sloping path, full face to the spectator, is a miracle of foreshortening and precise drawing, and still it is hard, cold, and apparently cramped in execution. The picture called "Le Chant," also of quite large dimensions for a Meissonier, represents a lady in green singing while a gentleman in red plays an organ; the background is a room hung with tapestries and red draperies. The other pictures by Meissonier are an interior view of St. Mark's at Venice, with a back view of a woman praying—a clever picture, but not very important; and a view of the ruins of the Tuileries in 1871, a perspective view four feet high. M. Meissonier's exhibition is much discussed, and the general opinion seems to be that he does not come off with flying colours; indeed, admirable as he certainly is as a draughtsman, he is getting to be considered more and more debatable as a painter, and, compared with the admirable exhibits of MM. Henner and Cabanel, M. Meissonier's six pictures certainly do not appear very gloriously. Amongst the other works that are attracting attention I may mention a remarkable painting of a Parisian drawing-room in full manifestation of worldly elegance by Joseph de Nittie; eight landscapes by the veteran Jules Dupré; M. James Tissot's modern transposition of the parable of the prodigal son; and the excellent exhibits of MM. Jules Lefebvre, Bonnat, Puvion de Chavannes, Jules Breton, Bouguereau, Gervex, Baudry, Léon Lhermitte, J. P. Laurens, Bastien-Lepage, and Cazin. English art is meagrely represented by a small copper-coloured picture by Mr. Alma Tadema, "The Sculptor and his Model," and two pictures by Mr. Welden-Hawkins, that have been much remarked at recent Salons. In the Sculpture department, M. A. Rodin, who, I imagine, is not unknown in London, exhibits two really splendid bronze statues, full of life and vigour—"The Age of Brass" and "Saint John Preaching." Frémiet, Barrias, Saint-Marceaux, Falguère, and all the great names of the French school are represented, but not always by their best works. The great defect of this first official Salon is that it is wanting in novelty; while, on the other hand, the pictures that we have seen at recent Salons, good as they may be, are still too familiar to us to have a retrospective interest. But, with all its shortcomings, the Exposition Nationale is extremely interesting; it is splendidly installed, from the material point of view, the walls of the Palais de l'Industrie being hung round with 120 of the most remarkable pieces of tapestry in the State Garde-Meuble; and the pictures, drawings, statuary, and engravings prove once more, if proof were needed, the supremacy of the French in the fine arts. The next official Salon will take place in 1888, and the Governments of the different countries will then be invited to see that their national art is represented officially and adequately. It is hoped, furthermore, now that the official Salon has become a reality, that the artists will work specially for it, so that it will really be a select Salon, and not a mere sifting and *réchanté* of the preceding annual Salons.

The political world and the newspapers are preoccupied with the great Tonquin question, in the negotiations concerning which England appears to be exerting her good offices. At any rate, M. Jules Ferry, who has ingeniously taken the matter out of the hands of M. Challeml-Lacour, hopes to arrange the difficulty without having recourse to war, and if he succeed he will thus come before the Chamber in the October Session with a very strong position. The famous union of the Royalists has all fallen to pieces, and Philippe, Comte de Paris, finds himself in presence of a Royalist Right who refuse to support him unless he renounces his personality and agrees "to accept, defend, and carry out the governmental doctrines which were represented by the Comte de Chambord." Meanwhile the Netherlands Bourbons, the heirs of the clock-maker Naundorff, who died maintaining that he was the son of the Duc de Normandie, Louis XVII., have issued an appeal to the French nation, stating their claims, and declaring the Comte de Chambord to have been a usurper. This point of history, like the mystery of the man with the iron mask, seems destined to crop up periodically, and yet it has been settled long ago.

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt appeared at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre last night, for the first time, in "Frou-Frou." The famous actress was warmly applauded, but certain critics complained that her voice was getting worn; that her diction, when rapid, was unintelligible; and that in certain scenes she gave a too violent and melodramatic tone to a piece that is the quintessence of Parisian elegance, delicate frivolity, and refined nervousity, even in its most grave parts. Mlle. Bernhardt is, however, it must not be forgotten, eminently a tragedian.—The death of M. Victor Lefranc leaves vacant a seat amongst the life senators. A campaign has been started in the press to offer this seat to M. Renan, and so to relieve the immense platitudes of the political world by the addition of a grain of genius.—The forthcoming volume of Victor Hugo's complete

works, "Les Travaillieurs de la Mer," will contain some unpublished matter in the shape of "L'Archipel de la Manche," a history of the manners and customs of the Channel Islands, where Victor Hugo spent eighteen years of exile. T. C.

The French Minister of Marine has received a despatch from Tonquin stating the French, with the aid of Annamite troops, carried the fortified position of Dai on the 1st inst.; and on the 3rd established a fortified post at Palan. The loss of the French is given as 54 killed and wounded, and of the enemy as 1000.

A monument to King Victor Emmanuel was inaugurated at Lodi on Sunday morning, in the presence of King Humbert, the civil and military authorities, and a large crowd of people. Speeches were made by the Syndic and by Signor Berti, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce.

The States General in Holland were opened on Monday by the King, who, in his speech, stated that serious efforts were still required to effect the complete pacification of Atcheen. With regard to home affairs, he mentioned that the introduction of a penal code would be submitted.—The congress of Orientalists, which has been sitting at Leyden, decided that the next meeting of the society shall take place in Vienna in the year 1886.—The proclamation of the awards at the Amsterdam Exhibition took place last Saturday, at a ceremony at which the Minister for the Colonies presided. Diplomas of honour have been awarded to the King of the Netherlands and the Prince of Wales. Extra class diplomas of honour are awarded to Sir Saul Samuel and Sir Louis Malet, and ordinary diplomas of honour to the Secretary of State for Dutch India, the New South Wales Government, the Indian Minister of Mines; Mr. Sydney Burrows, of the Victoria Commission; Mr. French, of Victoria; the Transvaal Government, and the West Australian Government. Great Britain has taken nineteen diplomas of honour, fifty-one gold medals, seventy silver medals, fifty-four bronze medals, and twenty-five honourable mentions out of the awards at the Amsterdam Exhibition.

The German military manoeuvres began yesterday week at a spot not far from Leipzig, and for this and the next week—partly in the military district of Saxony, and partly in that of Hesse-Nassau—there will be witnessed reviews and sham battles, on a scale which no military Power on the Continent can equal. The Emperor spent several hours in the saddle, and reviewed the march past at Merseburg on Friday.—The Luther Commemoration was celebrated at Wittenberg on the 13th inst., the German Crown Prince and Prince Albert being present. There were over 50,000 visitors in the town, including over 1000 clergymen, among whom were deputations from England, France, Russia, and Hungary.

King Alfonso of Spain and King Milan of Serbia left Vienna on Sunday night for a day's shooting in Styria. The King of Spain, before leaving Vienna, had a long conference with Count Kalnoky.—The agitation in Croatia seems to be subsiding. Agram is perfectly quiet; but a conflict between the military and the people has occurred at Kostainica, in which many were killed and wounded.

On Sunday the Bulgarian National Assembly met in Extraordinary Session, and was opened by Prince Alexander, who, in his speech, asked the members to ratify the Convention relative to the junction of the Turco-Servian Railways, and announced that a Convention had been concluded with Russia with regard to the costs of the occupation of the principality subsequent to the last war.

A high level bridge, crossing the river Aar, and connecting the town of Berne (the capital of Switzerland) with the district known as Kirchenfeld Lindenfeld, is to be opened with much ceremony next Monday.

The United States steamer Yantic, which was dispatched to the Arctic regions for the relief of the Greely exploration expedition, has returned to St. John's, Newfoundland, with no tidings of Greely or any of his party.—It is estimated by the United States Agricultural Department that the Indian corn crop will amount to 1,600,000,000 bushels, or only 25,000,000 below the figure for last year.—Mr. Junius Brutus Booth died at Manchester, Massachusetts, on Monday night, aged sixty-two.

The Marquis of Lorne, Princess Louise, and Prince George of Wales, arrived at Toronto on the 12th inst., and formally opened the Industrial Exhibition. A farewell address was presented to the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise by the municipality of the city on the 13th inst.—The directors of the Exchange Bank of Montreal have suspended payment, their liabilities being nearly three millions of dollars.

The scheme of the Indian Education Commissioners, who have just completed their report, provides for the extension of elementary education on a large scale, and they recommend the establishment of School Boards throughout the country.

Lord Derby has addressed a despatch to the Australian Governments, discountenancing the projected annexation of New Guinea and certain islands in the Western Pacific. The claims and interests of other countries, he considers, constitute a very serious impediment to that "complete jurisdiction" which the Australian Governments represent that England ought to assume over the Western Pacific; and Lord Derby believes that the Colonial Governments have not sufficiently considered the responsibilities which the annexation or protectorate of those islands would involve.

Disturbances are reported from Shanghai as having broken out at Woo-Chang. In Canton inflammatory placards have been posted up calculated to excite the people against foreigners.

The Sultan of Zanzibar was on the 14th inst. invested with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George by Sir John Kirk, the British Diplomatic Agent, assisted by Rear-Admiral Hewett, Commander-in-Chief on the East India station. A banquet was given at the palace on the occasion.

Intelligence received at Cape Coast Castle from Coomassie announces that Koffee Kalcalli has been defeated, and compelled to retreat from the Ashantee capital. He is reported to have fled in the direction of Gaman. Great slaughter was made among his partisans.

Cambridge has been selected by the Homœopathic Congress at Liverpool as the place of meeting next year.

On Tuesday the examination of candidates for the scholarships and exhibitions in connection with the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire began at Cardiff. There are thirty-three exhibitions and eleven scholarships, and each of these is tenable for three years.

Captain James Augustus Poland, of her Majesty's ship Valiant, has been appointed to the important post of Flag-Captain to Vice-Admiral G. B. Rice, C.B., Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, and to the command of her Majesty's ship Duncan, vice Captain John D'Arcy, retired.

A conference of police inspectors (Mr. Howard Vincent, director of the Criminal Investigation Department, presiding) was held at Scotland-yard on Friday and Saturday last, to discuss means for preventing and detecting crime in the metropolis, with special reference to burglary and the use of revolvers by burglars.

THE RECESS.

An Atlantic voyage in one of the magnificent floating palaces of the Cunard or Guion line being strongly recommended as the best cure for overworked men of business, it is not surprising that the hardest worked in the realm has sought invigoration in a cruise round the Scottish Coast and across the North Sea in the splendid new steamer, the Pembroke Castle. That the health-laden sea breezes of North Britain had given an additional edge to Mr. Gladstone's keen faculties was obvious from the masterly clearness of the admirable speech in which he returned thanks on the 13th inst. to the good people of Kirkwall for bestowing the freedom of their town upon him and his distinguished fellow-voyager, Mr. Alfred Tennyson. The political portion of his task, performed with spirit and point, especially when the Prime Minister came to refer with justifiable pride in a few ringing, patriotic sentences to the services of the "600 Artillery Volunteers" of the locality, Mr. Gladstone eulogised in the happiest manner the noble poems of the Poet Laureate, and modestly contrasted his own vocation with that of the author of the "Idylls of the King," saying:—

It is our business to speak, but the words which we speak have wings, and fly away and disappear. The work of Mr. Tennyson is of a higher order. I anticipate for him the immortality for which England and Scotland have supplied in the course of their long national life many claims.

That many of Mr. Tennyson's poems will live there can be little doubt. But should it not be equally certain that a judicious selection of Mr. Gladstone's worthiest orations would be read and treasured by posterity, and with the greater reason that they are part and parcel of the living history of the nineteenth century? Be that as it may (returning to the voyage of the Pembroke Castle), it should be a source of national satisfaction, as indicating the influence England holds in the councils of Europe, that Mr. Gladstone's visit to Copenhagen should have occasioned such lively comment in the Continental press. The Premier arrived at Christiansund last Saturday, and reached the Danish Capital on Sunday; and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the meeting of Mr. Gladstone and the Emperor of Russia at the table of the King of Denmark on Monday wellnigh eclipsed the gaiety of the martial manoeuvres that were taking place under the eye of the Emperor of Germany. The interview of the Czar and the Prime Minister was probably innocent of political meaning. None the less has it been twisted by ingenious Viennese scribes into a portentous conference, the imagination of which has betrayed the writers' ignorance of the course of Constitutional Government as it is understood in England. Thanks to the munificent hospitality of Sir Donald Currie, Mr. Gladstone was on Tuesday able to entertain the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the King and Queen of Denmark, and the King and Queen of Greece, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor at luncheon on Tuesday on board the Pembroke Castle; and, after a felicitous speech or two from the Premier, followed by a few recitations by Mr. Tennyson from his poems, the Imperial and Royal party landed, and the Pembroke Castle proceeded on her homeward voyage, bound for the Thames.

Earl Granville has in the meantime seemingly done his *saprophement* so gently at Walmer Castle as to bring about a rapprochement between M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, and the Marquis Tseng, the Chinese Minister. Both those eminent diplomatists have made repeated flying visits between Walmer and Paris; and for the pacific course of the negotiations each may be indebted to the mingled firmness and courtesy of the Foreign Secretary of the Queen.

The tacit truce between the political leaders in this country is not yet an end. In Manchester, indeed, the Liberal lamb is inclined to lie down by the side of the Tory lion. It is, at least, the fact that the Liberal Council of Cottonopolis, at the instigation of Mr. Robert Leake, M.P., and Mr. R. N. Phillips, M.P., on Monday passed a resolution declaring it "undesirable, under present circumstances, that any action should be taken by the Liberal party to contest the minority seat vacant by the death of Mr. Birley." Against the Conservative candidate, Mr. Houldsworth, however, Dr. Pankhurst has come forward on the "Independent" platform. So that Manchester is not likely to see a "walk over."

Sir Henry Brand, delighted to be untrammelled by the Speaker's gown he wears with dignity six months of the year, discoursed genially of agricultural co-operation at the Harvest Home held last Saturday on his estate at Glynde, near Lewes. In this delightful mellow weather, the reports of these agricultural meetings make seasonable reading. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, M.P., it may be mentioned, at the dinner of the Winchcombe Agricultural Society, on the 14th inst., in a manner praised the Agricultural Holdings Act of the past Session by expressing his regret that the Act of 1875 was not compulsory, which is tantamount to an admission that for eight years some tenant farmers may have been deprived of legitimate compensation for improvements. The same day found Sir J. Pease, M.P., saying some home truths in favour of the Ministerial measure at the Stanhope Agricultural Show. Of other recent speeches, scarcely any need notice, with the exception of Admiral Sir John Hay's outspoken statement at Wigtown last Monday that the British Navy was totally inefficient as compared with the fleets of France and Spain. Yet, somehow, English ships and English bluejackets generally manage to hold their own.

Mr. J. Payne Collier, the well-known Shakspearean critic, died at his residence, Riverside, Maidenhead, on Monday, at the age of ninety-four.

Upwards of 1200 applications for the post of hangman, rendered vacant by the death of Marwood, have been received by the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

The new schools of the Grocers' Company at Oundle, erected at a cost of £20,000, were opened on the 13th inst., the proceedings being attended by Lord Lyveden and the principal residents of Northamptonshire.

The members of the Stock Exchange have sent £210 as the first instalment of their collective donations towards the Mansion House Fund for the Relief of Distress consequent on the Cholera in Egypt.

Mr. E. Woodhouse, the Mayor of Leeds, yesterday week entertained over 1000 of the aged poor of the borough to tea in the Townhall. Three persons present were over ninety years of age, sixty-five between eighty and ninety.

The sluice gates recently erected in the Shannon have, it is said, proved destructive to large numbers of salmon, which have been picked up on the river banks with marks of having received severe bruises in the head.

Her Majesty's Commissioners of Works have invited architects to send in designs for the new Admiralty and War Offices in Whitehall. The architect whose design may be chosen will receive £25,000 for his services.

The Directorship of the Irish Museum of Science and Art, vacated by the death of Dr. Steele, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Valentine Ball, F.R.S., Professor of Geology in the University of Dublin.

THE CHURCH.

The Rev. Richard Elwyn, Vicar of East Farleigh, Kent, has been appointed Rural Dean of the Deanery of North Malling.

The autumn Conference of the Church Association, to be held this year at Reading, will take place on Oct. 23.

Trinity Church, Leeds, closed during the last three months for the purpose of restoration, was reopened on Sunday.

Plans have been prepared for the erection, at the cost of about £4000, of a new church at Cloughfold or Edgeside, in the parish of Newchurch-in-Rossendale.

The fine old Norman Church of St. Michael, Malton, restored at a cost of £2500, from plans by Mr. Fowler Jones, of York, was reopened on Tuesday by the Dean of York.

The Bishop of Bangor on the 13th inst. consecrated a new church at Capel Curig, which has been erected almost at the sole cost of Lord Penrhyn, who was also the donor of the site.

The Dean and Chapter of Ripon have recently improved the north-west of the cathedral by pulling down several houses, and in order to improve the road they have presented 1000 square yards of land to the town if the Corporation will make a pavement.

Mr. Charles Evans, of Warwick-street, Regent-street, has designed and painted several subjects from the Apostles Creed, for the chancel of Llangain church, Carmarthen, the cost of which has been defrayed by Miss Gwyn, of Ferryside, as a memorial to several members of the Gwyn family.

The Rev. G. Herbert Curteis, Canon of Lichfield, and Professor of Divinity in King's College, has been appointed Boyle Lecturer for 1884-7, in succession to the Rev. Dr. Thornton, Vicar of St. John's, Notting-hill. This lectureship was founded by the will of the Hon. R. Boyle, dated July 18, 1691, and since 1864 the lectures have been delivered in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, on Sunday afternoons, in May and June.

The first turf was cut by Sir George Elliot, M.P., yesterday week in connection with the erection of a handsome new church on the West Cliff, Whitby. The site selected is at the top of Abbey-terrace, the most prominent part of the cliff, as well as the most central. The proposal to build the church was originally made by Sir George Elliot, who not only offered to present the site, but promised, in addition, to place £2000 to the credit of the building fund. The offer was gladly accepted, and it has been determined to erect a church the cost of which shall not be less than £12,000.

In behalf of the Additional Curates Society, the Right Hon. Sir John R. Mowbray, Bart., M.P., presided at a meeting held at the Guildhall, at Newbury, on Monday. Sir John explained that the object of the association was to maintain and extend the existing parochial organisation of the Church of England, and to make increasing provision for the necessary spiritual needs of the community. The general and local contributions amounted to about £80,000 per annum, and the income of the Church Pastoral Aid Society was much the same, giving a total of £160,000 only to enable them to meet the demands for spiritual instruction coming from a population increasing at the rate of 325,000 per annum.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The fifty-third meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Southport was opened on Wednesday afternoon by a meeting of the General Commissions, Sir C. W. Siemens presiding. The report of the Council was adopted. Mr. A. G. Vernon Harcourt was appointed a general secretary, in the room of the late Professor M. F. Balfour, and Lord Rayleigh and Sir Lyon Playfair were appointed trustees, in place of the late General Sabine and Mr. Spottiswoode. The council have postponed for the present any steps towards the organisation of an international scientific congress. The departments of zoology and botany and of analogy and physiology have been amalgamated. It was announced that there is likely to be a very representative gathering of British members of the Association at Montreal next year. The Council were re-elected, with the addition of Sir F. Bramwell, Professor J. Dewar, Lieutenant-Colonel Godwin Austen, Professor Henrici, and Mr. Selater-Booth, to fill the vacancies caused by death and retirement. The accounts showed a balance of £800, the income having been £3422. The first general meeting of the association was held in the evening at the Winter Gardens, when Sir C. W. Siemens resigned the chair, and Professor Cayley assumed the presidency and gave an address on mathematics. A programme of the fortnight's doings appeared in our last Number.

At the invitation of Prince and Princess Edmund of Saxe-Weimar, Mr. Chillingham Hunt gave a recital on the 13th inst. at the residence of their Highnesses, Government House, Portsmouth, to a brilliant and delighted audience.

At Trinity College, London, on Tuesday, the Benedict Exhibition was awarded to Olive B. St. Clair, of Wandsworth; and the Reeves Exhibition to Maud Lee (student of the college). The Henry Smart Scholarship was postponed, as no candidate of sufficient merit came forward.

Henley-on-Thames has received a new charter of incorporation, granted under the Municipal Corporations Act, 1882. The new charter will come into operation in November, when the local board will be superseded by a Town Council.

The Westminster Board of Guardians have resolved that the order of the Local Government Board as to the conditions under which alcoholic drinks should be supplied to paupers should be strictly observed. This order is to the effect that beer and stimulants should only be given on special grounds, and in compliance with a recommendation in writing from the medical officer. It was reported that the medical officer had given notice of his intention not to certify in future for stimulants to able-bodied paupers.

The autumn meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute has been held this week at Middlesbrough, the place at which the institute was formed fourteen years ago. Tuesday was the opening day—Mr. B. Samuelson, M.P., in the chair. The Bessemer medal, which had been awarded to Mr. Sidney G. Thomas, was handed to Sir H. Bessemer for him. Papers on "The Manufacture of Coke" were read, and in the afternoon the members visited the works of Messrs. Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co.

The scholarships offered by the Council of the Ladies' College, Newnham, near Cambridge, for success in the higher local examination held in June last have been awarded as follows:—Miss Bell, Bristol, Goldsmiths' scholarship; Miss Dymond, Newnham College, Clothworkers' scholarship; Miss Townsend, London, Drapers' scholarship; Miss Rickett, Newnham College, a scholarship of £50 a year for two years; Miss Bonner (Oxford), Miss Rogers (Exeter), Miss McCanley (Grimsby), and Miss Freeman (Birmingham), a scholarship. Miss Silcox, of Newnham College, the daughter of a Wesleyan Minister at Cambridge, has this year been awarded the scholarship for Greek in the higher local examination.

THE LIVERPOOL AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

We recently gave a notice of the new Manchester Art-Gallery—that is to say, the building of the Royal Manchester Institution, enlarged and improved since its transfer to the Corporation, in which the first exhibition under the auspices of that body has been inaugurated. The same trip northward that enabled us to give that notice, also afforded the opportunity for a visit to the Autumn Exhibition at the Walker Art-Gallery, Liverpool.

This, the catalogue reminds us, is the "thirteenth" that has been arranged by the Corporation. By so many years, therefore, is the great port in advance, as regards its corporate recognition of the importance of art, of the great centre that it feeds with the staple of its manufactures, though the public encouragement of art is surely far more essential to a manufacturing community. As we hinted last week, some errors may have been committed in the conduct of the exhibitions, and the formation of the permanent collection at Liverpool, but the fact remains that the town has set an example that should have been anticipated by Manchester.

Even now Manchester has had confessedly to derive some of the attractions of its excellent display from dealers, whereas in the larger Liverpool show the works—at least those offered for sale—are, according to one of the regulations, "the bona-fide property of the artists." This rule, however, is not adopted by the Royal Academy, and many works, it is well known, are purchased by dealers before they figure at Burlington House. It would be fairer, perhaps, when a work is not the artist's property, to state the ownership (as in the Manchester catalogue), and the artist's certified concurrence in its exhibition should, as a matter of courtesy, be required by the managers of all public exhibitions—which is virtually done by the Royal Academy, seeing that it exacts the artist's signature to the order for delivery. Otherwise no grave principles appear to be at stake in exhibiting dealers' property when the fact is stated, and no work of equal or real merit offered by the author thereof is excluded. The sight of a fine picture is equally beneficial, whoever is the owner. And the agency of the much-abused picture dealer has been a very important factor in the great demand for art products that has marked the last thirty or forty years, especially in the chief provincial towns. The duty of the local authorities—by whom sometimes perhaps art is *exploited* more for personal prestige, place, and power, than from real appreciation and knowledge—is to present to their public the best art that can be procured, not to provide a big show of mediocrity, or a benevolent refuge for the destitute—i.e., the great unsold. Happily there is no probability now-a-days of an artist of great promise failing of immediate recognition. Rather the danger is that through the ever-increasing facilities for exhibition the inordinate quantity of immature and bad art may draw attention from what is good, and degrade the public taste.

The Liverpool Exhibition scarcely maintains the standard of former years with the increase of its component items. The works of true representative importance are few; and, as nearly all those of any mark have been shown in London, they have already been reviewed in our columns. Mr. Faed's "They had been Boys together," Mr. Hook's "Carting for Farmer Pengelly," and Mr. P. Morris's "Return from Communion" reappear, together with minor examples of Messrs. Calderon, Petric, Sant, Sir J. Gilbert, and a few other Academicians and Associates. Several do not improve upon renewed acquaintance, brought, as they now are, into more immediate contact than at Burlington House with the productions of the "outsiders," who are comparatively in much greater force. To mention the names of these outside contributors is, however, scarcely necessary. It may suffice to say that, among works of more or less merit, not by local artists, that we do not remember to have seen before, are a vivid, truthful picture of "Netting Granchios," or crabs, at Chioggia, by W. H. Bartlett; "Haymaker," by F. Brown—another promising artist who has a sense of tone uncommon in our school; one or two landscapes by E. Parton, a marine piece by A. Frazer, and pictures by Miss A. Havers, W. Grossmith, A. Dixon, F. E. Cox, and A. Stocks. The "Motherless," by the last-named artist, has been purchased by the Corporation for the permanent collection. It is a pathetic subject from humble life, painted with considerable ability, though in a positive manner, with more solidity than refinement. Another picture bought for the same collection is T. B. Kennington's "Daily Bread"—a half-naked boy *à la* Murillo (but whose pale skin has never been exposed to the sun and air), with a loaf and pitcher. As a realistic study of the nude, in a bold impasto, this is a fairly good example to place before students, and Mr. Kennington, especially as a local artist, deserved the encouragement he has received.

The apparent influence of some sections of recent French art is observable, as at Manchester, but the tendency is not sufficiently marked among the local artists to justify their being described as a "school." One Liverpool painter, Mr. Woodcock, however, is distinctly *impressionist* in aim in a profile of an elderly man bending over a violin. The face lacks expression, and the modelling is, of course, not searching, but the hues of colour are not devoid of beauty. Other works in this category are "Evening Mist" and "Morning Mist," by P. A. Besnard. Sympathy with French art is also more or less obvious in S. A. Forbes's "The Convent," and "The Church of St. David, Quimperlé," which are characteristic, and, if thin, refreshingly aerial, albeit the blue tints are exaggerated; also in "Kissing Ring," by W. Stott, who, together with G. F. Munn, T. Huson (a local painter), and T. F. Goodall, have evidently recognised the importance of breadth of tone, and of the relative "values" both of tone and hue, though all three lose "quality" of colour when working in a low key. G. Clausen sends a head of "A Woman of the Fields," new to us, which is quite worthy of Bastien Lepage.

We have already mentioned some of the Liverpool painters; but we should add the names of Messrs. Bond (whose contributions are, however, unimportant), Hartland (see his bright and faithful study "On the shore near Bournemouth"), and Finnie. Mr. Finnie is probably the ablest painter of Liverpool, and his reputation has deservedly extended to London. His "Bathers" is a masculine, admirable work, and "The Brook" reminds us agreeably of Constable. Among the water-colour painters identified with the town are Mr. W. Collingwood, of the Royal Water-Colour Society, and Messrs. J. MacDougal, J. C. Salmon, T. H. Jones, J. T. Watts, J. Towers, and others, whose drawings would do credit to any exhibition of the capital. The local art, however, is scarcely in a flourishing condition, and will hardly compare advantageously with that of laggard Manchester or Birmingham, not to speak of Edinburgh or Glasgow. As we remarked last week, some coolness, or even antagonism, appears to have long subsisted between the local art-bodies and the Corporation, and this impression would seem to receive confirmation in the fact that the nominal list of the former are not given by the latter, as at Manchester, in the catalogue of the Exhibition. If such antagonism really exists, it is every way to be regretted. We submit that a Corporation neglects one of its very first duties when it does not foster local art by all reasonable means.

A word as to the hanging. The principle adopted of

dividing this responsible duty between metropolitan and local artists is fair enough. But the two London artists intrusted to hang the oil pictures on this occasion can hardly have had previous experience, and we were not surprised to hear that one broke down in attempting to execute the huge task within the short time allotted. The result in some cases is open to challenge. Take one, of several instances we could name—that of a moderate-size picture of animal character by M. Charles Verlat, which is "skied" on the very topmost row in Room III. Yet the execution evinces rare power: the artist has a European reputation; he is a gold medallist of Paris; his Holy Land pictures we reviewed when lately in Pall-mall; and, as first professor of the Antwerp Academy, he was the master of Van Haanen, Logsdail, and other of the group of artists now at Venice, whose contributions to the last exhibition at Burlington House were scarcely surpassed. Some of the Liverpool artists have also received scant consideration. On the other hand, we should imagine that Sir Frederick Leighton would hardly care to find his comparatively very unimportant boy "portrait," not only in a post of honour, but isolated by drapery from the performances of the common herd. Such distinction accorded to contributions by Royal personages cannot appear invidious, for their works have an interest other than professional; but we should not recommend the innovation in question as a precedent worthy of adoption elsewhere.

The Walker Art-Gallery Permanent Collection, and its character thus far, may usefully form the theme for a future article, in view of the initiative taken to form similar collections at Manchester, Birmingham, and other large provincial towns, and bearing in mind the importance of adopting at the outset right principles in the selection of purchases and the reception of gifts.

T. J. G.

ROBBER LIFE IN HUNGARY.

The restoration, since 1867, of Hungarian Constitutional self-government and administrative independence, for which the Magyars fought so bravely in 1849, has been regarded with just satisfaction by English lovers of freedom and right. That ancient Kingdom, under the sovereignty of Francis Joseph, who is also Emperor of Austria, is now governed, with its Slav dependencies to the south and east, by a Ministry responsible to the Parliament of the Hungarian nation. We regret, however, to learn from credible information that lawless outrages have become of late years increasingly prevalent among the half-barbarous peasantry of the vast pastoral plains, and that the weakness of the Hungarian Government, from various social and political causes, permits the constant practice of open robbery, frequently accompanied with murder, over large tracts of country, which seem to be left without any efficient police. Those who resided in Hungary twenty or thirty years ago bear testimony of a most unfavourable character to the change that has taken place in this respect; and they invoke the memory of General Kempen, the former Austrian Commandant of Gendarmerie, as one who would speedily have repressed these shameful disorders, and whose energetic conduct made life and property in his time far safer than at the present day. Our Austrian Artist, Mr. Schonberg, has been an eye-witness of these deplorable incidents, and his Sketches, presented in a page of this Number, are a graphic representation of "Robber Life in Hungary," which we trust is destined to be hereafter superseded by honest and peaceable manners. There is too much ground, however, for the apprehension that a large part of the ignorant and neglected rustic population cherishes some degree of sympathy with the perpetrators of these atrocious crimes, the victims of which are usually selected from among the richer classes of rural proprietors or farmers; while the vast extent of the unfenced plains, the fewness of the towns, and the abundance of horses, by which the gangs of marauders can ride away from pursuit, make it difficult to effect their capture by any military force. The first of the Sketches furnished by Mr. Schonberg represent the conference of one robber with a friendly accomplice among the shepherds or keepers of oxen, wearing the rough sheepskin cloak recently described in reference to another series of illustrations. The second scene is a bit of predatory practice with a herd of pigs, one of which is to feast the robbers. In the third Sketch, they are leaving a farm-house which they have pillaged and set on fire, in one of their midnight expeditions. The interior of a house is shown in the next Sketch, with the alarmed family, from whom these villains extort contributions of money and other valuables, by fierce threats of inflicting bodily injury or death, and of burning the house with all that it contains. The highway robbery of a post-cart is then shown, in which the terrified driver and postman, with murderous pistols aimed at their heads, are forced to give up from the mail-bags any letters supposed to contain money—though it happens more often that they are shot dead at once, and the carriage and horses abandoned by the robbers who have got their plunder. One would have thought it easy for the Government to send a small escort of mounted soldiers with its own mail-cart, but the Hungarian administration is negligent and feeble. We regard, indeed, with some righteous pleasure, under these circumstances, the scenes of deserved retribution that appear below; the arrest of certain malefactors in a roadside public-house, their confinement in a prison, and the final vision of the gallows prepared for their needful extermination. It is devoutly to be wished that all such pests and enemies of mankind were speedily caught and conducted to the same end of their pernicious existence. We must own, however, the condition of such a country as Hungary, resembling that of the vast Australian plains forty years ago, when bush-rangers could prey on the isolated stations of the lonely squatters, one after another, with impunity for months or years; and we can only hope for the progress of civilisation in Eastern Europe.

The Library Association at its concluding meeting in Liverpool yesterday week resolved to hold its conference in Dublin next year.

The weekly return of the Registrar-General states that in London 2488 births and 1260 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 97 and the deaths 121 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 1 from smallpox, 24 from measles, 48 from scarlet fever, 21 from diphtheria, 30 from whooping-cough, 31 from enteric fever, 62 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 1 from simple cholera, and not one from typhus; thus 218 deaths were referred to these diseases, being 56 below the corrected average number in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 148 and 156 in the two preceding weeks, were 157 last week, being 26 below the corrected weekly average. Different forms of violence caused 50 deaths; 43 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 22 from fractures and contusions, 3 from burns and scalds, 5 from drowning, 1 from poison, and 10 of infants under one year of age from suffocation.



1. Robber and Shepherd.
2. Pig-stealing Practice.

3. Returning from a Cattle Raid.
4. An Alarmed Household.

5. Highway Robbery of the Mail.
6. Arrest of Robbers at a Roadside Inn.

7. The Leader in Prison.
8. The Reward of Crime.



DRYBURGH ABBEY.

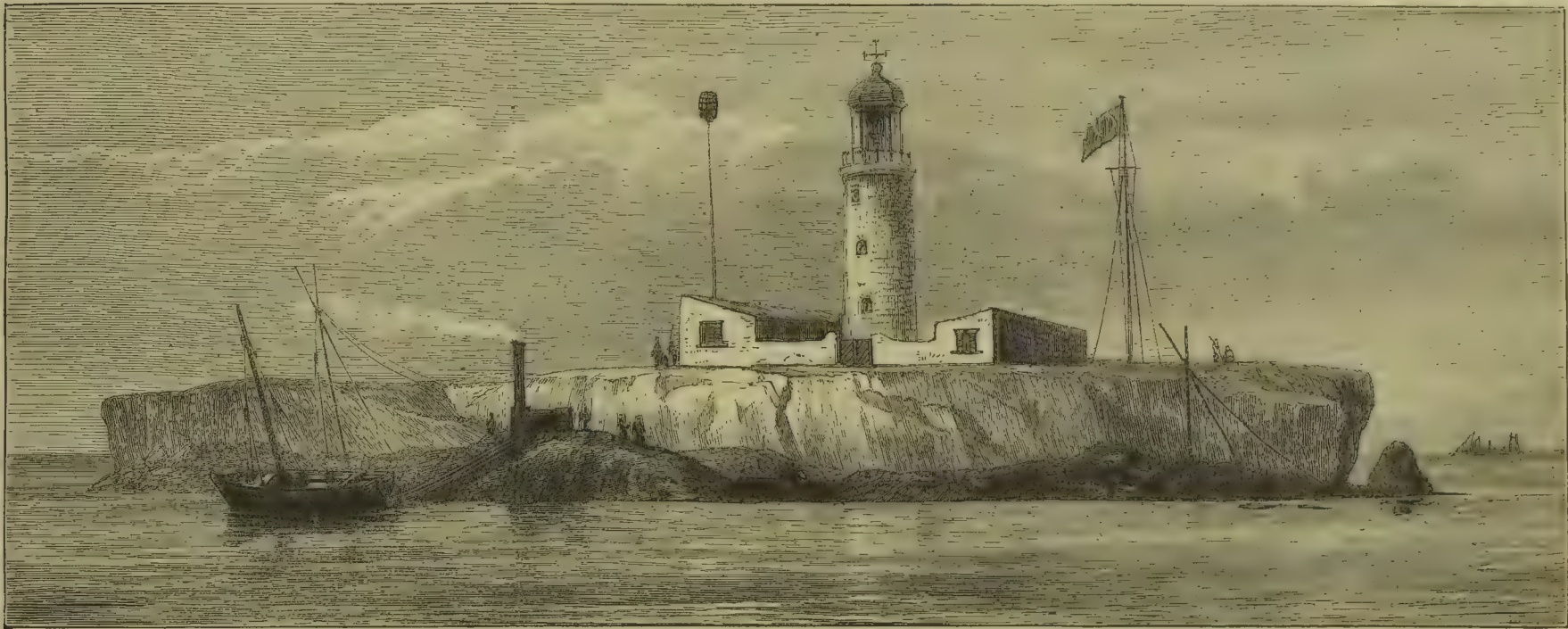
DRAWN BY THE LATE S. READ.



THE LATE ADMIRAL PATTON, A TRAFALGAR VETERAN.



THE LATE HENRI CONSCIENCE, FLEMISH NOVELIST.



NEW LIGHTHOUSE ON THE BROTHERS ROCKS, RED SEA.



THE RIOTS IN CROATIA: HUSSARS DISPERSING RIOTERS AT AGRAM.

A TRAFALGAR VETERAN ADMIRAL.

The death of one of the oldest retired flag-officers of the Royal Navy, Admiral R. Patton, was recorded a fortnight ago. He was above ninety years of age, having entered the service as a boy, very early in this century, in time to be a midshipman on board the Bellerophon at the battle of Trafalgar, Oct. 21, 1805. He was, it is believed, the last surviving officer who was present in that famous engagement, for which he received a medal. His subsequent services were meritorious and distinguished, and the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society was given him, in 1825, for saving a boy's life at sea.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Window and Grove, of Baker-street.

HENRI CONSCIENCE.

The Flemish language is not generally studied by the amateurs of foreign literature throughout Europe, but it has some original authors, both ancient and modern, of considerable merit, while it preserves, in many vigorous imaginative creations, the racy characteristics of that small but historically important nation. The most distinguished of its writers in our time, Henri Conscience, died a few days ago, and his Portrait, as well as that of the Russian novelist, Ivan Tourgueniev, which we gave last week, is deserving of a place in this Journal. He was born at Antwerp, in 1812, but his father was a Frenchman, engaged in the shipping business, having previously served in the French navy. Henri Conscience, however, inherited from his Belgian mother a strong predilection for her country and its people, which led him, in after-life, to become the foremost literary opponent of the tendency to supersede Flemish by French in the ordinary speech, the newspapers, the letters, and the books of his countrymen. He was an enthusiastic patriot in the Belgian Revolution of 1830, and served as a volunteer in the army during six years, attaining the rank of Sergeant-Major. After leaving the military service, having previously received a good education, he was for some time a private teacher, but found an employment more worthy of his genius in writing tales illustrative of the national history, social life and manners, and in editing collections of Flemish poetry. His "Year of Miracles," an historical romance, published in 1837, is a brilliant picture of the revolt against Spanish tyranny in the sixteenth century, and gained him the notice of King Leopold I., who bestowed a small pension upon him. "The Lion of Flanders," a work of the same character, which is esteemed the author's masterpiece, came out in the following year. In 1845, he was appointed to a professorship in the University of Ghent, and afterwards undertook the instruction of the Royal children, including the present King, Leopold II., in the Flemish language and literature. Among his numerous tales, which have been translated into English, and which are very well worth reading, besides those above named, are "The Conscript," "Blind Rosa," "The Peasants' War," "The Village Innkeeper," "The Miser," "The Demon of Gold," "The Curse of the Village," "The Poor Gentleman," and several others. Their robust moral tone, and hearty sympathy with the domestic life of the rural classes, as well as their lively and truthful delineation of Flemish manners and character, with a certain grave and humorous irony that veils the serious instruction, have recommended the works of Henri Conscience to a multitude of readers at home and abroad.

The Portrait is from a photograph published by J. M. Schalekamp, of Amsterdam.

THE BROTHERS LIGHTHOUSE, RED SEA.

The newly-erected lighthouse on the North Brothers Rock in the middle of the Red Sea, in latitude 26 deg. 18 min. 50 sec. north of the equator, longitude 34 deg. 50 min. 44 sec. east, is shown in our Illustration. The "Brothers" are two small coral islets; the northern one, on which the new tower and dwellings are built, being 33 feet above high-water mark. The lighthouse is a white stone tower carrying a dioptric fixed white light of the fourth order, visible twelve miles. The light is 71 feet above the water line. The whole of the work has been carried out under the orders of his Excellency Morice Pasha, R.N., Controller-General of the Lighthouse Administration, and superintended by Hardcastle Bey, the Deputy Controller-General, assisted by Mr. Grafton. The buildings have been constructed entirely by native labour, of stone found on the spot, and lime burned on the island. The new light has been exhibited since June 4, the former beacon there having been removed.

THE RIOTS IN CROATIA.

The serious riots and conflicts with the military, almost threatening a determined insurrection, which have recently broken out in the Province of Croatia, part of the dominions annexed to Hungary in the Dual Constitution of the Austrian Empire, have been reported in the daily papers. Agram, the capital of this Province, about three hundred miles south of Vienna, is a town of twenty thousand people; and the deplorable excesses of the mob, chiefly formed of peasants from the neighbouring country, which is in a very rough condition, were repressed by a charge of the Hussars, wielding their sabres with severe effect, and not without some loss of life on both sides. We present an Illustration of this sad affair, which had been preceded by fierce acts of popular violence at Krapina and other places, in the mountainous district between the rivers Drave and Save, but the political or social causes of the revolt are not yet fully explained.

In Glasgow there are 14,000 women on the municipal lists.

The Great Seal of Ireland has been placed in Commission pending an appointment to the office of Lord High Chancellor.

Dr. Redfern, of Queen's College, at Belfast, has resigned the chair of Anatomy and Physiology, which he held for twenty-three years.

Captain Plunkett, Captain Butler, and Mr. Slackie, resident magistrate, and Mr. Reid, Assistant-Inspector-General, have been appointed special commissioners of police for Ireland.

Mr. John Gray, a member of a local firm of ironworkers, has intimated his desire to present to the city of Aberdeen a building to be used as a school of art, at a cost of £5000.

The Deeside Highland gathering was held at Aboyne on the 12th inst. The weather was fine, and the day was kept as a holiday in the district.

An addition has been made to the Canadian Court at the Fisheries Exhibition in the shape of an exhibit of general products from Manitoba and the Canadian North-West.

Under the auspices of the Royal Horticultural Society an Apple Conference is to be held in the Chiswick Gardens in October.

At St. George's Hall, on Monday next, Mr. William Earl will make his first appearance in London as "Hamlet," supported, it is announced, by a powerful company of artistes. The performance will be repeated on the two following days.

TWO NOVELS.

Nobody who has any sense of humour and any vein of humanity can fail to find in *Thicker than Water*: by James Payn (Longmans), that sense continually gratified, and that vein continually worked. The author, amusing as he always is, was seldom, if ever, so irresistibly droll; and, sympathetic as he always is, seldom, if ever, so brimful of kindness. Seldom, if ever, nevertheless, was he more conspicuous for that fatal levity which destroys the force of his tragedy, prevents his pathos from taking full effect, lends to his best and worthiest sentiments, as well as to his tenderest and most passionate utterances, an air of insincerity. He reads human nature, a certain kind of human nature, as if it were print; and it is the kind which is admirably adapted for his laughing-philosopher-like style of treatment partly commendatory, partly apologetic, partly indifferent, partly contemptuous, sometimes mildly reprehensive, scarcely ever honestly indignant, nearly always playfully indulgent. He excels in the portraiture of utterly worthless men whose chief characteristic is the gentleman-like selfishness, heartlessness, meanness, so stupendous as to be really comic, and of ladylike English girls, so fresh and fair and so unselfish, though flesh and blood withal, as to win all hearts; and on the present occasion he fairly maintains his excellence with Ralph Dornay and Mary Marvon. It is in the sprightly dialogue, however, and in the ease with which the narrative flows on, rippling as it were with the author's own breezy play of wit and fancy, that the reader will find the greatest delight. For we are dealing with a novelist who rarely has any solid story to tell, though the requisite dimensions are attained by a sort of bubble-blowing process familiar, no doubt, to the writers and, certainly, to the readers of novels. In the present instance, the plot is of the flimsiest sort that is possible; the purpose is simply to put a charming, penniless girl, whom we meet in the first few pages, into possession of a million of money and a husband therewith, and the event which leads to this consummation is rather postponed than worked up to. In the meanwhile, of course, there is a great deal of episodic business, during the conduct whereof we derive no small entertainment from the personages we encounter, the occurrences we witness, the scenes at which we assist, the descriptions we read, the comments which sometimes cause us to shiver with quiet merriment and sometimes to marvel at the writer's shrewdness and evidently intimate acquaintance with the ways and thoughts of worldlings. Into the higher spiritual and intellectual regions the author of this novel does not soar; his most angelic creations are mundane and practical; his marriages may be made in Heaven, but his marriage settlements are made on earth, and by an unusually admirable and, at the same time, facetious class of lawyers. Indeed, as regards the novel under consideration, the author is at his very best when he uses that worthy attorney, Mr. Rennie, as his mouthpiece for the conveyance of his agreeably dry and caustic observations. How daring, how regardless of the probabilities, the author of this novel is fain to be, know all men; and it is a question whether he was ever more daring, in respect of one or two little matters, than he has been in the present case. To some of us, the conversation between Ralph Dornay and Mary Marvon in the conservatory, the letter in which the rich widow throws herself and her fortune at the head of Edgar Dornay, the relations between Mr. Peyton and the "happy family," and between the various members of it, will appear simply impossible; and, as regards the "happy family," completely farcical; but, on the other hand, the author may know better than most of us what are the terms on which an uncle, such as Ralph Dornay, would be with the girl whom his nephew loved, what a desperate and wealthy widow would do when the man she loved appeared to be shy, and what a menagerie of human brutes an eccentric millionaire, like Beryl Peyton, would suffer to live on his bounty beneath his roof and wrangle over the provisions of his will. Possible or impossible, probable or improbable, however, the author's representations afford good sport, and that is the main consideration. Grave must, no doubt, be mingled with gay in every novel, if it is to contain a presentment of life, as shadow with light in every picture; and the grave portion of this novel is of a very sombre kind indeed. The conception upon which the ultimate catastrophe depends is dreadful; there is something revolting in the idea of a son attempting to commit his father to a mad-house, and the father, in consequence, cherishing a sentiment of deadly hatred towards the very memory of that son, when death has come between them. In his handling of this painful subject the author grows, as is his wont, a little melodramatic, especially in his language; but he cuts it as short as is consistent with artistic proportion, perhaps even a little shorter. As for melodrama, by-the-way, there is a certain "Mexican dog," a human dog, who promises at one time to perform a great part in that line; but beyond a poor attempt to murder a philanthropist, an attempt easily foiled by a providential deaf-mute, he does scarcely anything worthy of a man who in his best days had bitten through the wrist of the friend, comrade, and fellow-convict to whom he was chained, having first prudently stabbed him to the heart, and had so effected a masterly escape. It is as a sketcher of social scenes, with a running commentary, that the author is most successful as well as agreeable; he is then quite as good as a play, and even better.

The author of *Retribution*: a Tale of Modern Life, 2 vols. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), who assumes the nom de plume of "Delta," has much to learn in the art of novel-writing. The book has some good qualities and effective scenes, but it is wanting in verisimilitude, and there are indications that the writer has not always a clear insight into his (or her) own characters. The first scene gives the key-note to the volume. When Frank Harrington, who is leaving for India, bids a passionate farewell to Sibyl Graham, the reader sees at once that the hero of the novel will prove constant, and that the heroine will not. Yet it is not easy to see why the girl, who is a lady in manners and feeling, should almost immediately accept a grossly vulgar man, whom she detests. The bribe, indeed, is represented to be £15,000 a year, and Sibyl, who is miserable all the time, confesses that the marries for money. But her character, as it develops before the reader, is not that of a calculating, cold-blooded woman. The lineaments are contradictory. Sibyl is very lovely, and wanting, so we are told, in the sterling worth of character that distinguishes her exemplary sister Meta; but she shows no signs of being mercenary beyond confessing that she is so. A worldly-minded and "lamentably shallow" girl is not generally blessed with a "warm-hearted nature," with a "soft and loving disposition," with "an ardent love for all that is grand and beautiful in nature," and with a dignity, when occasion calls for it, that disarms the Lovelace of the tale—Sir Egerton Carlingford. The author's habit of moralising on the doings of his puppets is ridiculous. Every important incident calls forth a serious comment, which the wicked reader (and, alas! Delta, the world is full of such readers) will be compelled to laugh at or to skip. Not in this way are lessons of wisdom learnt. The soliloquies in which the *dramatis personæ* indulge are as weak as the copybook platitudes we have mentioned; but, in spite of these defects, which may be due to an inexperienced hand, the novel is not without interest.

The characters of Sibyl's father and husband are lifeless and contemptible; but there are touches of true pathos in the description of Frank Harrington, the discarded lover, and in the scene—a strange one, truly—in which it falls to his lot to take Sibyl, who is ignorant of the loss, to the cot of her dead baby. Delta's love of retribution is carried too far either for the reader's pleasure or for the benefit of Sibyl's character. She has suffered enough and learnt enough by the time her selfish husband, indifferent to her fate, breaks his back in trying to escape from a fire; and it seems hard that some months later the one supremely joyous moment of her life should be followed by crushing sorrow. The reader is surprised and angry at such an unnecessary conclusion; but then it enables Delta to preach a sermon and to carry out his notion of retribution. The style, we may add, is often feeble and tawdry. Passages intended to be impressive are generally the weakest. Why should a pretty London house be an "elegant domicile," or the lover of Sibyl's sister be represented as striding, instead of walking? But the men in third-rate novels, if intended to be fine characters, invariably do stride.

In his *Oliver Madox Brown, a Biographical Sketch* (Elliot Stock), Mr. J. H. Ingram has performed a useful and a gratifying task. All who knew this rare heart and rare mind must have deplored the absence of any biographical record, and all such must feel too grateful to Mr. Ingram for having come forward to supply the want to feel any great inclination to criticise the shortcomings almost inevitable in so difficult an undertaking. The charm of Oliver Brown's character cannot be depicted by one to whom, as to Mr. Ingram, he was personally unknown, and the extreme scantiness of material may reasonably excuse much that strict criticism must have condemned as trivial. In the critical portion of his work Mr. Ingram has acquitted himself very well, and has given a very satisfactory account of the remarkable fictions which ensure Oliver Madox Brown's name so high and lasting a place in the annals of precocious genius. Nothing more surprising was ever produced by a youth of his age: like Chatterton and unlike Keats, they exhibit not only a brilliancy, but a maturity of power indicative of intellectual strength as well as poetical sensibility. It is impossible to say what our literature may have lost in him; the loss to his friends is, unfortunately, more easy to estimate.

The Government has decided to make a grant of £13,500, and give a loan of £27,000, towards the proposed new Court-house buildings in Dublin.

The Town Council of Poole have decided to spend £3200 in the purchase of land for laying out a pleasure ground at Longfleet and Parkstone, two of the suburbs of the town.

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"Don't speak to me like that, guardian, I am not worthy of it," cried the unhappy Sophy, throwing herself on her knees before him.

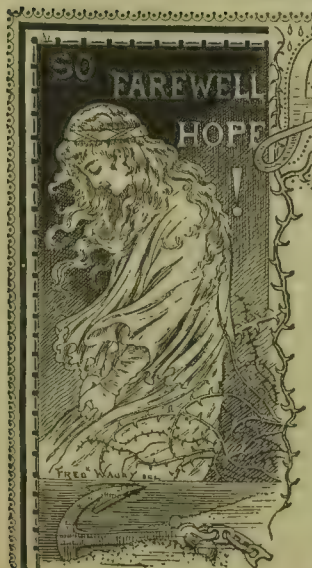
THE CANON'S WARD.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "THICKER THAN WATER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"THE EXECUT."



ADAIR was a man who had few visitors; but as soon as he reached his rooms he "sporting his oak," and shut out all possible comers. The investigation he was about to make was as delicate as momentous. First he made sure that there was nothing more in the blotting-pad that he had purchased, save the mere leaves, and also that on them there was no impress of written words which could throw any light upon the matter in hand. Then he compared most carefully the memorandum he had taken from the dead man's mirror with the handwriting of the letter found in the book. Making allowance for the fact that one was executed with the haste and inattention to calligraphy peculiar to a

Adair had a logical mind; he could follow a chain of reasoning (and therefore much more one of facts) link by link; and the conclusion he arrived at was that the letter of which Mrs. Aylett had spoken (the original of which he now held in his hand) had been stolen by Jeannette at the instance of her young mistress. He did not believe that it was Miss Aldred who had sent those flowers; it had been one far nearer to the dead man than she, though they were sent for anything but sentimental reasons. It had been all a ruse to get possession of that compromising letter; and it had succeeded. So far Sophy's whole proceedings were as plain to him as if he had been a witness of them.

And those of the dead man were equally clear. Composition had been a difficult matter with him; and it is probable that he had written more than one copy of so momentous a communication before he had got it to his mind. The rest he had no doubt destroyed; but this one had escaped his attention and the search of others. How thankful Miss Sophy ought to be that it had fallen into such safe hands as his. This was the letter:—

"As to your proposition (a word poor Perry had spelt right, probably from his acquaintance with Euclid) of my going to Australia, that is put out of the question. Father, by a circumstance which I am about to tell you, and which will astonish you very much. I am a married man. You will at once exclaim, 'some barmaid'; but it is not a barmaid at all, I do assure you. It is a young lady of good position, and an *Haïress*. She has twenty thousand golden sovs of her own, or will have when she comes of age, which will be in less than twelve months. This is pretty well, I think, for the 'disgrace to the family.' The whole matter is at present a secret: you will perhaps say, 'that means a lie'; but you will only have to look in the register of St. Anne's Church when you are next in the city, and you will find that it is all right. She is very anxious to keep it quiet till she attains her majority. I should not have told you of all this but for your last letter, which has compelled me to make a clean breast of it; and it

is quite contrary to my wife's wishes—think of my having a wife! how funny it sounds!—that I do tell you. She has an uncle on whom she is in some degree dependent; and, of course, he will be awfully riled. It is for you to consider what is best to be done; for my part, I shall be glad when the murder's out. Under present circumstances, as you may imagine, it isn't much of a honeymoon for me. Besides this uncle, by-the-by, Sophy (that's her name) has an aunt; but she is very fond of her, and, moreover, has given us such opportunities for meeting that for her own sake there is little doubt she will take our side. I think you will own that I have done pretty well for myself; and if you could manage to send me fifty pounds, or even five-and-twenty, which under present circumstances will of course be repaid all right, it would be a great convenience. As to taking my degree, that, of course, don't matter now one haypenny; and I don't think you'll say any more about Australia, since I've found the gold diggings at home."

"So they had been married, had they?" mused Adair, with a cynical smile, "those two young people." It was no wonder then that that dull Adonis had shown so much jealousy on Miss Sophy's account, and had also been on so very familiar a footing with her; that little excursion in the Roundabout was also explained, and the young lady's companionship at such an hour fully justified, for why should not a wedded pair walk when and where they pleased? His own suspicions as to Miss Sophy's tendency to flirtation were now shown to be as baseless as they were injurious, and everything was satisfactorily cleared up. Yes, upon the whole, as it seemed to Mr. John Adair, most satisfactorily.

The course which would have suggested itself to any chivalric, not to say any straightforward and honourable mind, would have been to tear this damaging letter up; and, since the young lady had contrived to avoid the disagreeable consequences of indiscretion thus far, to make her thoroughly secure. But Adair was not a Bayard. He was a man of calculation, and as he held the dead man's blotted manuscript in

"rough copy," and the other was a list of reference, probably written with some care, he felt confident that they were by the same hand. As for the contents of the letter, they were of such importance to a certain young lady as to account for her taking any steps to prevent them reaching the eye of the person for whom it was intended; and of the step that had been taken he could make a shrewd guess. Although deficient in imagination,

in his hand he seemed, by the expression of his face, to be weighing it in some imaginary scale, as though he were saying to himself, "Now, what is this worth to me?" There are people unable, when the opportunity occurs, to resist the laying a fellow-creature under an obligation, and who would have inclosed the letter to the young person concerned assuring her of their respect for her secret and of the pleasure they derived from placing it in her own hands. This was, in fact, the idea that now suggested itself to the young scholar, with this trifling difference, that instead of sending the original manuscript, it struck him that it would be the better plan to send only a copy of it.

But whatever was done he felt must be done with judgment and mature deliberation, as being a thing that could not be undone.

For a long time Adair sat before his writing-table—it was of common deal with a cloth over it—with his thin chin in his hands, thinking hard. It was a problem of a very different kind from those he had been accustomed to, and the solution was not easy. In the end, carefully putting away the dead man's letter, he stepped across the quadrangle to his tutor's rooms—the truant tutor, Mr. Prater, who had inconvenienced Mr. Mavors so much in the matter of Mr. Perry's decease. The outer door was open, and the inner had a neat little brass knocker, which he gently raised and tapped with it, as light and sharp as a woodpecker.

"Come in," said the Tutor, a thin and rather weakened, but by no means elderly man, immersed in papers with figures on them. "Well, Adair, what is it?" His manner was encouraging, but not genial. Adair was one of the most promising young men on his "side," one that would be an honour to his college in any case, and perhaps senior wrangler. Mr. Prater was proud of such a mathematical genius of course, but without any more personal liking for him than had the proprietor of Chang for his giant.

"I have received news to-night, Sir, which requires my absence for a few days; a communication from Haredale College."

"I hope you will do nothing with precipitation in that quarter, Adair," said the other, persuasively. "In a very short time you will find yourself, I hope, in a very different position: better able to make your own terms."

"Thank you, Sir, I will be very careful; but it is necessary that I should have a personal interview with one of the authorities. Perhaps you will give me an exeat—say, to Friday. I shall go by the night train, right through."

"It is quite unnecessary to be so precise, Mr. Adair," observed the Tutor, smiling. "You are not like some young gentlemen upon my side, whose 'urgent private affairs' are sometimes a little problematical. You have an excellent character to come and go upon."

He filled up a printed form, and gave it to the young man. "Can I do anything more for you?"

"Nothing, Sir; I am much obliged."

Except the Canon (whose regard the reader may think he had obtained on something like false pretences) and Jeannette (whose good will had been stimulated by tips), the Tutor was the only friend the young man had in the world—a genuine one, it is true, but whose attachment was tinged with enthusiasm. In his heart, while pretending to be indifferent to it, John Adair resented this isolation, and quite ignored the fact that with the spade of selfishness he had himself dug the trench that separated him from the sympathies of his fellow-creatures. When a man tells us, "I am poor, I am unfortunate," we pity him; but when he adds, "and I have not a friend in the wide world," we know that there is a better (or worse) reason for that than either his poverty or his misfortune.

On returning to his rooms Adair wrote a few seemingly hurried lines (which were, however, well conned) to Canon Aldred. That gentleman was aware that overtures had been made to him by the authorities of a rising college to become (after he should have obtained his fellowship) its mathematical professor, and had dissuaded him against accepting them. He had told him that it would be putting his light under a bushel, and be almost tantamount to burying himself alive. It was not Adair's intention to accept them, nor had they, I am afraid, been repeated, as he had led Mr. Prater to conclude; his "urgent private affairs," though not of the nature at which that gentleman had slyly hinted, were quite as far from what they were feigned to be; but he shrewdly concluded that this prompt course of conduct would make the Canon solicitous about his future, tend to increase his intimacy with him, and even further certain expectations which had within the last hour or so taken a more decided shape. He had now no doubt of the genuineness of that little scrap of paper as the farewell composition of his dead rival; and almost none of the truth of what was there narrated. Still, that naive remark of the writer, "The whole matter is at present a secret; you will perhaps say 'that means a lie,'" gave him just a little uneasiness; and he was going up to London to take the very step which Mr. Perry senior had been advised to do, in order to make certain. Although circumstances had denied Mr. John Adair heraldic supporters and a crest, he had a motto of his own, perhaps suggested by the doctrine of chances, with which he was well acquainted, "No risks." He made no demonstration of it; it was not inscribed on his banner, like "Excelsior!" nor even on his (Britannia metal) spoons and forks; but he kept it constantly before his eyes and acted on it. An excellent maxim, too often neglected by men, and still more so by women; but needing, for its completeness, the supplementary device "Honesty is the best policy." The latter axiom, from its vulgarity or inconvenience, Mr. John Adair disregarded, and took his motto neat.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE BRINK OF CONFESSION.

"In the long vacation," it was the Canon's wont to remark, "we breakfast a little later."

This was true; but nevertheless calculated to give a false impression—namely, that when it was not the long vacation the Canon breakfasted early. Like most indolent men, he was, in fact, a late riser at all times. Miss Aldred, on the contrary, was up and about attending to her household affairs almost as soon as her maids. Sophy followed her guardian's example, and was always the last to put in an appearance. For the last few mornings she had been later than ever; and, indeed, now often breakfasted in her own room. This was the case upon the present occasion, so that the Canon and his sister were alone.

"So Miss Sophy has deserted us again," he said, as he lazily cracked an egg. "I can't think what has come to the young girls of the present day; when you were Sophy's age, Maria, you were as early a bird as you are now."

"We must make allowance for Sophy just now, William. She is by no means well."

"Yet she seemed so much better a few weeks back," said the Canon.

"That is true; I don't understand it myself. But it is certain she is now as out of health, and even more so, than she was awhile ago, when we called in Dr. Newton."

"Then call him in again. If he did her good then, why

should he not do her good now?" inquired the Canon, with that impatience of indisposition which a man always exhibits when he is not himself afflicted with it, in which case he takes quite another view.

As Miss Maria kept silence, the Canon naturally went on to pooh-pooh what he believed was nothing serious as regarded his ward, and was certain was an inconvenience as regarded himself.

"Of course, if the dear girl is not well, she must be looked to; but I don't think she should be permitted to give way to mere fads and fancies. It would be much better for her, both now and in the future, if she were to exert herself a little more; if she made the tea, for example, instead of you; paid the week's bills, and learnt by experience those domestic matters which every woman should know, and every man when he marries expects (and is in general woefully disappointed) that she does know. As to Sophy, I am quite surprised at what you tell me about her, for, to my mind, she seems in exceptionally high spirits, which, in view of recent events, I should hardly have ventured to expect."

"How very unobservant even the cleverest men are," observed Aunt Maria, with a pitying smile. "Is it possible you have not noticed, William, that those high spirits of which you speak are a little too high; that, in fact, they are forced."

"I confess I have not," was the blunt reply. "I know the difference between fresh asparagus and forced asparagus; but when I see a girl chattering and laughing, and there is no reason why she shouldn't laugh and chatter, it doesn't strike me that her emotions are artificial. If she had been so merry a week or two ago, when that sad affair of poor Perry's took place, it might have aroused some suspicion of that sort; but now"—and the Canon finished his sentence by shrugging his shoulders and throwing out his hands, an action borrowed from the French, but originally derived from a frog about to take the water.

"You will be surprised, then, to hear, William, that on three several occasions, within as many days, I have come upon Sophy when she has been plunged in tears; not only weeping, but weeping with such force and passion as I have never seen except in some supersensitive child like Stevie."

"Poor dear; why then, of course, we must send for Dr. Newton. She's a cup too low, and wants bracing—probably a tonic."

"Perhaps," replied Aunt Maria, doubtfully; "but we must also remember that she has been leading a very different sort of life of late from that to which she has been accustomed. She has seen no company, had no excitement, and has even resolutely declined to go out of doors."

"That's bad; people should take plenty of exercise—that is," added the Canon, with a sudden consciousness of the absurdity of this doctrine from a man who never put his foot to the ground except between Trinity and the Laurels, "young people. As to company, it is not so easy to get it during the long vacation."

"There's Mr. Mavors," observed Aunt Maria; "why do you never bring him home with you as you used to do?"

"Well, I suppose because we see so much of one another in College. But what is the good of asking him, so far as Sophy is concerned at least? She thinks him an old fogey like myself, and he looks upon her probably as he looks upon an undergraduate upon somebody else's 'side,' only a trifle more ornamental."

"If you think that, William, I can only say, over again, how very unobservant you men are. Is it possible you have never remarked how eager Mr. Mavors is to attract Sophy's attention, to sit by her, to converse with her (only the poor man has nothing to say), and generally to make himself personally agreeable to her."

"Now, really, my dear Maria, if you have seen that," said the Canon, putting up his glasses and regarding his sister with gentle amazement, "I believe you could see into a millstone. If you have discovered that Reginald Mavors—the man who knows more about Plato than anybody—is in love with a girl of twenty, Newton (I don't mean the doctor but Sir Isaac) was nothing to you; Columbus was nothing to you; you are the chief and queen of all discoverers."

"I don't say Mr. Mavors is in love with Sophy, William—though the fact of her being 'a girl of twenty' would be by no means an obstacle to such a phenomenon. If you fell in love yourself it would be with a girl of twenty—if she wasn't seventeen."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the Canon, taking out his handkerchief and affecting to wipe his brow, "you have certainly a very powerful imagination, though it strikes me as slightly morbid. You give me the creeps."

"You may laugh at me as much as you like," continued Miss Maria, confidently; "but I trust to the evidence of my own eyes, and they are pretty sharp ones; and I am quite sure that Mr. Mavors only requires a little encouragement to induce him to propose to your ward. As, of course, she doesn't give it him, and never will do so, he will probably never speak; but you may be well assured the matter stands as I have stated it."

"Dear me! Do you think Sophy is aware of his aspirations, or is it you only who are endowed with these powers of perception?"

"In love affairs, my dear William, when the love is, as in this case, on one side, it is the looker-on who sees most of the game; yet, since you ask the question, I am inclined to believe that Sophy does know that Mr. Mavors is one of her admirers."

"You don't think she is pining for him, do you?" inquired the Canon, drily. "It is not that which makes her so out of sorts?"

"Of course not. If you turn everything I say into ridicule, William, it is impossible to discuss the subject. But I don't think, whatever is the matter with her, that the doctor can cure it; it is more mental than physical; besides which, she seems to have the most steadfast objection to seeing the doctor."

"Dear me, how queer; when ever so little is the matter with me I fly to Newton. He gives me a bread pill, perhaps—always silvered, though, I'm particular about that—and, I dare say, a phial of coloured water; but it always does me good."

"Yes, you see you're a man," said Aunt Maria, drily; "we women are not so sensible."

And with that parting shot, the "little affair of outposts" ended. But it had its results. Aunt Maria's words made a greater impression on the Canon than he admitted even to himself. He hung about the house that morning instead of going to his college rooms as usual, and, when his sister went out to market, made a point of waiting for Sophy's coming down to the drawing-room.

He noticed that she entered it with a pale face and listless step, and that the one flushed up and the other changed to a tripping gait, when she caught sight of him.

"What, uncle, you here!" she cried: it is possible but for his previous talk with Aunt Maria he would have observed nothing unnatural in her tone; but as it was it reminded him of that of an actress in a genteel comedy.

"Yes, Sophy, I am here," he answered, with tender gravity, "and mainly upon your account. Your aunt tells me sad tales of you. No appetite, no colour, no little jokes such as you were wont to make; in short, she says you're altogether out of sorts. Now, what's the matter?"

A question easy enough to put, but often very difficult to answer.

"Nothing that I know of, uncle," replied Sophy, her cheeks suddenly grown scarlet. "Aunt Maria is so foolishly fond of me that she exaggerates every little ailment."

"In point of fact, then, my dear girl, it is not that there is nothing the matter with you, but that you don't know *what* is the matter with you. Now in such cases there is always a remedy made and provided; you must see the doctor."

"Indeed, uncle, there is not the least necessity for that. I hate doctors, and besides, there is nothing for him to prescribe for."

"What, not when you, who used to be such a walker, are disinclined for exercise; don't eat your meat, and have no relish for society, and take to moping half the day in your own room?"

"But, indeed, uncle, I am very willing to walk, only it's not very good fun to go out with Jeannette, and you know dear Aunt Maria walks like a walking doll; she is only wound up for half a mile or so. Then as to company, why really," here she smiled, "I have not of late had the chance of plunging into dissipation."

"A very proper reproof, my dear; I'll engage some nice young man to walk with you, and ask him to dinner afterwards, then if you don't get plump and strong the doctor must be called in."

So far matters would seem to have been arranged to their mutual satisfaction, and in token that it was so the Canon, laying his hand on her arm, stooped to kiss Sophy's forehead. As he did so he perceived, what had before escaped his notice, that her eyes were full of tears.

Now some men—husbands especially—are proof against this feminine weakness; they see tears too often, or entertain a shrewd suspicion that they hold a purpose in them, as amber holds a fly; but the Canon, long a widower, had forgotten these things. The unaccustomed spectacle filled him with alarm and pity. "My dear good girl," he exclaimed, "what can have happened? If anything has gone amiss I conjure you to confide in me, who stand in the place of your dead father!"

The effect of this speech was amazing indeed. "Don't speak to me like that, guardian, I am not worthy of it," cried the unhappy Sophy, throwing herself on her knees before him. "I am not good, as you think; I am a disobedient, false, foolish girl. Don't, don't speak to me so, for I can't bear it."

"You are not well, my dear; you are overwrought and weak."

"Yes, weak and wicked," she sobbed out bitterly; "an unworthy girl."

"Nay, nay, nay," said the Canon, soothingly; "not wicked nor unworthy, of that I'm sure. You will always be our own dear Sophy."

"I hope so, guardian; I pray that it may be so, yet I fear—I fear—that you may some day get to despise and loathe me. Oh, tell me that whatever happens you will not do that!"

"We shall certainly not do that, Sophy. We shall always love you, and never refuse you anything in reason, so long as it for your own good. Why, who have we got to love, now that my Robert is gone, but you? It is to you we look to comfort us in our old age, and if we could only see you happily settled in life—there, there, don't cry, my darling. Whatever little thing may be the matter, it will all come right, and I know you will do your best to please us."

"I will, I will," she cried, still clinging to his knees. There is nothing I would not do to keep your love. Oh, if I only can but keep it."

He raised her up, kissing her tenderly, and did his best to banish such imaginary and foolish fears; and by degrees she became calmer. But the passion to which she had been moved was hardly graver though far more tumultuous than his own emotions. What sister Maria had told him had received ample confirmation. He was convinced that there was something seriously amiss with the girl, though he attached no practical significance to her wild and wandering words. One thing, however, gave him comfort. He had gathered from what she said that she would have no objection to follow any course that he might judge to be beneficial to her; and he was quite resolved that she should no longer shut herself up at home, and live the life of a recluse. He would make a point of getting her to meet people; and while thinking on that matter it was small wonder that his mind reverted to John Adair, one of the few persons of her own age he knew. He did not think of him seriously as a husband for her, but he felt it would be better for all parties (by no means excepting himself) that a girl so impressionable, and who stood in such need of ballast, should be mated, and that as soon as possible, with someone of a different disposition; one whom he hoped, too, for the poor man's own sake, whoever he might be, could stand hysterics, and so on, which did not suit him (the Canon) by any means. He had had his supreme moments in life like the rest of us—such as his examination for his fellowship, and the first conception of his new edition of Milton; had had his heart wrung when his wife died, and when he parted from his only son; but such an interview as that which he had just passed through was something altogether out of his experience. He was very sorry for Sophy, though he deemed her grief as imaginary as her apprehensions of losing the affection of her friends; but the most lasting impression left upon his mind was his own incapacity to deal with her. No doubt Newton had been right when a while ago he had recommended that the girl should be settled in life, and given other things to think about, when all these caprices and megrims would disappear. He would just look in on Newton as he went into town, and ask him to keep an eye upon Sophy without her actually consulting him professionally. He would ask the doctor to dinner, not alone, for fear of arousing her suspicions, but with a few others—Frederic Irton, for example, who was staying for a week with the Helfords. And in the meantime, there should be always somebody—Adair or Mavors—to break the monotony of the evening for her. Adair had been away since Monday night, much to the Canon's annoyance; the chariot-wheels of the Concordance were delayed in consequence, and besides he missed the young man's society; but he was returning to Cambridge that very day, and should be asked to dine with the rest.

(To be continued.)

The Duke of Bedford has sent £200 to the Metropolitan Provident Medical Association in aid of the £5000 fund for the extension of provident dispensaries in London, in districts outside the circle occupied by the medical charities of old standing.

The directors of the Crystal Palace have completed arrangements for holding an International Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures, Science, and Industry during 1884. It is intended that the Exhibition shall open on April 3 and close at the end of October.

FROM THE MERSEY TO ONTARIO.

The summer and autumn of this year have been chosen by many distinguished visitors from England for an excursion to Canada; but next year will bring the Congress of the British Association of Science to Montreal, when the accessibility of our magnificent Transatlantic Colony will be realised more completely. It is coming to be understood, in these days, that Canada, being really the next-door neighbour to the British Islands in the western direction, is now, by the admirable service of passenger steam-ships, rendered practically a grand North American outer court of our own country, available for labour, trade, and recreation, with an immense extent of elbow-room, while it is fast growing up into the fulness and stature of a new English nation. The progress and prospects of Canada, this name including now the whole Canadian Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, right across the entire widest breadth of the Western Continent, a span of seventy degrees of longitude, are truly wonderful. A population exceeding four millions and a half, of whom quite three millions are English, Scotch, and Irish, is yearly augmented by a hundred thousand immigrants, bringing with them fresh capital estimated at two millions sterling, mainly to occupy the fertile plains of Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and the other newly-opened territories of the North-west, as far as the Rocky Mountains. The Canadian Pacific Railway is already constructed and used for traffic 850 miles beyond Winnipeg, that bustling city which has sprung up within twelve years past on the site of the old Red River Settlement, in what was formerly the Hudson's Bay Company's territory, and in the very centre of North America. It is plain that the whole of this middle region, west of the lakes, having the richest soil and the most invigorating climate in America, with great facilities of water communication, will speedily become a very prosperous agricultural country. Its advantages are fully equal to those of any part of the Western States of the American Union, and superior, for the agriculturist, to those of any British Colony in Australia or South Africa. Millions of acres of the best land on earth are sold at ten shillings an acre, payable by instalments in five or seven years. We will not, however, dwell here upon the prospects of industrial colonisation in the Far West—which is, after all, only fifteen days' journey from England—but will confine our remarks just now to the mere Canadian pleasure-trip, "From the Mersey to Ontario," which affords the subjects of our Sketches. This is a summer trip, be it understood, by a route different from that which must be taken in approaching Canada at other seasons of the year.

The Gulf of St. Lawrence, with the broad estuary, or arm or the sea, forming the outlet of the great river of Lower Canada, is open to navigation, only in the summer and early part of autumn, as well by the Strait of Belleisle, north of Newfoundland, as by the wider southern passage between Newfoundland and Cape Breton. In the winter, these maritime gates of British America being then closed by the ice, travellers must land at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, and proceed by the Intercolonial Railway, through that Province and New Brunswick, and along the eastern shore of the St. Lawrence estuary, to Point Levis, opposite Quebec; or they may, if they choose, disembark at Portland, in the State of Maine, and by a much shorter railway journey get to Montreal. But in August or September, at any rate, by the route of the Allan Line of Royal Mail Steam-ships, through the Straits of Belleisle, a most delightful voyage is enjoyed, with the sight of much fine coast and river scenery, and with shipboard accommodations not to be surpassed. It is very desirable, for social and political reasons, that the inhabitants of Great Britain who can afford to travel should become familiar with at least the nearer Provinces of the Canadian Dominion; and we can assure those accustomed to spend a month or six weeks of vacation time in going abroad, that there is no better way of obtaining mental and physical refreshment. Sportsmen, if they can allow themselves a rather longer sojourn in Canada, will find there much greater opportunities than in Scotland or Norway for the exercise of their skill with the rod and the gun, and at a much less cost. The forests and rivers of New Brunswick and of Quebec Province yield more abundance and variety of sport than any other country in the world, except probably British Columbia, at the farther extremity of the Dominion; salmon, trout, and many other fine species of fish; feathered game of every kind proper to a northern temperate climate; and diverse wild quadrupeds, deer, moose, "cariboo," bears, beavers, and various smaller beasts, chiefly pursued in winter. There is plenty of such diversion; but our readers are invited at present to keep their eyes fixed on the marine and landscape scenery of this interesting western voyage.

The Allan steam-ship, let us suppose her to be the Sardinian or the Sarmatian, either of which is a perfect example of the modern ocean-going conveyance and floating hotel, starts from Liverpool on Thursday at noon. (It is the Circassian that figures in our Sketches, which were drawn in July, 1881, by Mr. George F. Hargitt, now of Woodstock, Ontario.) We can say nothing that is new about the Mersey and its great commercial port, with its unequalled range of docks, which the Atlantic steamers do not enter, but lie in the middle of the river, as shown in our first Sketch. The bar of the Mersey is soon crossed in going out; the Crosby and Formby light-ships, and the Bell Buoy, are left behind in an hour's steaming to the north-west, making for the Calf of Man, while to the left hand (larboard or port side) there is a fine prolonged view of the mountains of North Wales. Three or four hours later, the ship passes between the Isle of Man, with its rugged cliffs and green hills rising to the loftier summits of South Barrule and Snae Fell, on the starboard, and the Mourne mountains of County Down to the left; and so on, through the short summer night, past the entrance to Belfast Lough, and round the north-eastern shores of Ireland, with the Mull of Galloway and the Mull of Cantyre apparently quite close on the right hand. Passengers early on deck in the morning see these headlands of Scotland, and have simultaneous views of the highlands of all "the three kingdoms," after which they pass Rathdrum Island, and soon enjoy a full exhibition of that celebrated basaltic formation, the Giants' Causeway. Twenty or thirty miles running westward brings the Allan steamer to the entrance of Lough Foyle, where she lies off the small packet station of Moville, to receive mails and a few additional passengers. This place, 244 miles from Liverpool, is the real point of departure for the crossing of the Atlantic, which is a voyage of 1656 miles, often performed in five days; and "the last of Ireland" is seen at Malin Head, the northern promontory of Donegal, unless Tory Island be visible a little farther on. Europe is henceforth left behind, as the powerful ship ploughs her straight furrow across the vast field of the ocean, and the passengers find plenty of social amusement on board, until the following Wednesday. The appearance of floating icebergs heralds their approach to the desolate coast of Labrador, only frequented by Newfoundland fishing-vessels. Wild-looking are those North American shores, as they were in the old time, in the reign of our King Henry VII., when they were discovered by John and Sebastian Cabot sailing in the little barque Matthew from Bristol; yet this discovery of Newfoundland, being followed

by Thomas Thorne and others entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence, was the first step towards English possession of the Western World. It was not till 1534 that the Breton mariner, Jacques Cartier, proceeded up the great Canadian river to the native Indian villages of Stadacona and Hochelaga, which afterwards became the French colonial towns of Quebec and Montreal. Such recollections of ancient European navigators, and of those far more ancient Norse and Welsh adventurers, in the fabulous dawning twilight of the Middle Ages, who are said to have reached these shores, perhaps by accident, several centuries before the achievement of Columbus, will not be out of place. The scenery of the Straits of Belleisle, Petrel Island, Table Mountain, and Château Bay, which are shown in our Sketches, cannot fail to strike the attention of passengers from Europe. Table Mountain was occupied as a station of the French Jesuit missionaries who came to Labrador in 1545. Innumerable small islands, or granite rocks with scanty grass in the hollows of their surface, beset the Canadian shore opposite Newfoundland, where the broadening channel, in the south-westerly direction, leads into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In winter, this inland sea is almost covered with ice which drifts down from the Arctic Regions along the Labrador Coast; and is only stopped by the warm Gulf-stream on the Banks of Newfoundland. Lofty icebergs are met with also in the Straits, as shown in one of our Sketches; but this is a winter view.

The St. Lawrence, entered by rounding Anticosti Island, and running up past Cape Gaspé, is a grand inlet of the sea, below Quebec, gradually assuming the character of a river estuary. Its shores, to right and left, are Lower Canada, or Quebec Province, consisting of extensive tracts of hills and forests and rolling uplands, intersected by many small rivers, those to the north generally connected with deep lakes bearing romantic Indian names. The most remarkable of these rivers is the Saguenay, at the mouth of which is Tadoussac, a favourite place of summer resort for Canadian holidays. Tourists who go up the Saguenay are astonished by the tremendous granite cliffs, a thousand feet high, walling in both sides of the stream, which is of enormous depth; but its secluded wonders are not visible in the voyage to Quebec. The shores of the St. Lawrence, however, present many striking features of rock scenery, amidst which the situation of some of the lighthouses, represented in our Sketches, will engage the traveller's attention. The Province of Quebec, formerly styled Lower Canada, has a population exceeding 1,400,000, of whom about one million are French, with a large number of Irish. It has, like other Provinces, its Lieutenant-Governor, nominated by the Dominion Government, under the Federal Constitution of 1867, with its Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly, but elects also sixty-five members of the Dominion Parliament sitting at Ottawa. Few agricultural immigrants, comparatively, settle in this eastern part of Canada, though farmers might do well in the districts adjacent to New Brunswick, which have good soil and a favourable situation. The forests, however, continue to furnish, by the "lumber" or timber trade, a most productive source of colonial wealth, and employ 30,000 men in cutting down trees, preparing the logs, and floating them down the rivers for export, or disposing of them in the saw-mills. This trade alone is valued at the yearly sum of eleven million dollars; the rearing of cattle, and agriculture, and the fisheries of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, come next in importance.

The city and fortress of Quebec, besides the historical renown of General Wolfe's famous victory over the French in 1759, followed by the entire British conquest of Canada, commands admiration by its natural position, on the summit and the slopes of Cape Diamond, a bold cliff overlooking the confluence of the St. Charles river with the St. Lawrence, above the beautiful Isle of Orleans. This imposing height is crowned by the citadel and ramparts of the upper town, with fine terraces, projecting bastions and batteries, and long lines of walls, having gates and steps to the lower parts of the city; and the public buildings are worthy of the old Canadian capital, the Cathedral, the University, the Custom House, and the Exchange, being especially notable. Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, who was recently the Vice-Queen of Canada, has cleverly used both her pen and her pencil, in the pages of *Good Words*, to delineate the picturesque and romantic aspects of Quebec City. The view presented in one of our Sketches is taken from Point Levis, on the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence, where is the Quebec terminus of the Intercolonial Railway from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; but the line is continued to Montreal. It was at this place, in 1775, during the American War of Independence, that General Arnold, with the United States Army, encamped to besiege Quebec, but was altogether unsuccessful in his attempt. The well-known battle-field of Wolfe and Montcalm, on Sept. 13, 1759, is on the "Heights" or elevated Plains of Abraham, adjacent to the city. The neighbourhood, on every side, presents interesting sights and scenes, amongst which one of the most attractive is that of the Falls of the Montmorency, eight miles distant, at Beauport. A beautiful cataract of mixed foam and water here pours from a height of 250 ft., over a cliff richly adorned with a thicket of underwood, into a nook of the St. Lawrence; and there are, from the same spot, very good views of Quebec, across the wide expanse of water, and of the Isle of Orleans. The Falls of the Chaudière are likewise recommended for a visit, and are easy of access.

Our Ontario correspondent has not supplied any views of Montreal, the chief commercial city of Canada, at the head of the outer seaward navigation, but connected with the Great Lakes by the Rideau Canal, from the Ottawa River, and by other artificial waterways. The Victoria Railway Bridge of the Grand Trunk Line, here crossing the St. Lawrence, is one of Robert Stephenson's great engineering works, a tubular structure, two miles long, upon twenty-four piers, with a centre span of 330 ft. The city is handsome, with a fine hill, the "Mount Royal," from which its name is derived, rising 550 ft., in the background. We shall give some illustrations of Montreal about this time next year, when the British Association will be there. The traveller, upon the present occasion, must be supposed to have left the St. Lawrence at Montreal, not having leisure to view its famous "Thousand Islands" and the Rapids, but proceeding by railway to Kingston, and there embarking in the steam-boat on Lake Ontario. The Province of Ontario, which begins at the Ottawa river and comprises all the northern shores of Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, Lake Huron (with Georgian Bay), and Lake Superior, is by far the most important part of Canada. It is the "Upper Canada" of a former period, with extensive western additions of later growth; and its population, now exceeding two millions, who are almost all of British descent, are the most solidly and steadily prosperous of colonial communities. They have, indeed, attained a degree of substantial economic progress worthy of remark. The agricultural statistics of the Province for 1882 show that it contains 200,000 farms, the aggregate extent of which is twenty million acres. Half this aggregate extent of land is now cleared and cultivated. The average yield of spring wheat is sixteen bushels, and of "fall" or autumn wheat, twenty-six bushels to the acre. There are one million and a half of horned cattle, two millions of sheep, half a million horses, 85,000 swine, and a large number of poultry. The total value of farm lands, farm buildings, implements, and

live stock in the Province is reckoned at 882,000,000 dollars (the dollar is 4s. 2d.). The Provincial Government is setting on foot, besides other agricultural colleges, dairy schools and classes for teaching the best methods of butter and cheese making, with a view to commercial export. Fattening of cattle, as well as rearing improved breeds, has been practised of late years in this part of Canada with great advantage. At the town of London, in this Province, an important Agricultural Show was held in September. Farm labourers are in great demand, at the wages of thirty dollars a month, with board; while mechanics can get from seven to ten shillings a day; and female household servants receive £20 a year, but are scarcely to be kept in service on any terms, as the men are wanting wives. Manufactures are likewise flourishing, especially those connected with the mineral and vegetable products of the country.

Toronto, the capital city of Ontario Province, is situated at the western extremity of Lake Ontario, at the head of a noble bay sheltered by Gibraltar Point. It was once called York, in honour of the Royal Duke of that ilk, but the old Indian name was restored in 1833. It has good society, its University, Colleges, and other learned institutions, with its Press and literary culture, being superior to those of any other town in Canada. The streets are wide and well paved; while the public buildings, the Cathedral, with its lofty spire, in King-street, the University building, a fine Gothic edifice, and some of the Halls, Colleges, and Government Offices, have an air of distinction. The towns of Hamilton and London, within a short distance by rail, present similar advantages on a less conspicuous scale. This part of Upper Canada, the favoured and fertile peninsula, which may be regarded as the Garden of British America, lying between Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Huron, having a milder climate than Quebec, on the one hand, or Manitoba to the North-west, is well adapted to the cultivation of every species of summer fruit. It produces great quantities of the finest grapes, peaches and plums, apples and pears, melons and tomatoes, ripened under a genial sun, besides all the ordinary agricultural crops above mentioned, and the best of dairy produce. Most of the land, however, in this home-country of Ontario, where the frequent towns and villages, and the good roads, have quite a settled aspect, is already in the hands of private owners. An example of their comfortable homesteads is shown in our Sketch of a farm near Woodstock, in Oxford County, about the centre of the snug country between the Lakes. Fifty years hence, we doubt not, there will be thousands of equally neat and pleasant farm-houses all the way to the Rocky Mountains. We hope, on a future occasion, to continue this subject, with the aid of some illustrations, by conducting our readers along the north shore of Lake Superior, where the intermediate section of the Canadian Pacific Railway is now being completed, and farther on to Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, and to the western verge of the North-west Territories.

OBITUARY.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.

The Right Hon. Hugh Law, P.C., Lord Chancellor of Ireland, died at Rathmullen, county Donegal, on the 10th inst. His death was unexpected. On the previous Thursday he was fishing on Lough Swilly, and there caught the cold which brought on inflammation of the lungs. The sad event has caused the deepest sorrow in Ireland. Amid all the excitement and violence of late years, no feeling of animosity against the upright and amiable Chancellor was ever expressed. An eminent equity jurist and a profound lawyer, his Lordship was held in universal respect and esteem. There were few men at the Irish Bar so beloved for personal worth, great though unostentatious ability, and high integrity and honour. He was born in 1818, the only son of Mr. John Law, of Woodlawn, county Down, and was educated at the Royal School of Dungannon, and at Trinity College, Dublin. He there graduated B.A., First Senior Moderator in Classics, 1839; was called to the Bar, 1840; and was given a silk gown, 1860. Mr. Law draughted the Irish Church Act of 1869, and the Landlord and Tenant Act of the following year. In 1872 he was appointed Solicitor-General, and became Attorney-General in 1874, retiring with the Gladstone Administration shortly after. He resumed office in 1880, and was made Lord Chancellor in 1881. From 1874, until his acceptance of the Great Seal, he sat in Parliament as member for Derry. He married Helen, daughter of Mr. William White, of Shrubs, county Dublin, and was left a widower, with two sons, in 1875. The funeral took place at Mount Jerome on the 15th, and was attended by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

ADMIRAL SIR R. COLLINSON.

Admiral Sir Richard Collinson, K.C.B., F.R.G.S., Deputy-Master of the Trinity House, died on the 12th inst., at The Haven, Ealing, aged seventy-two. He was son of the Rev. John Collinson, Rector of Boldon and Canon of Durham; entered the Navy in 1823, obtained his first commission in 1835, was promoted to the rank of Commander in 1841, made Captain in December, 1842, Rear-Admiral in 1862, Vice-Admiral in 1869, and Admiral in 1875. Sir Richard, who took an active part in Arctic explorations, commanded the Enterprize in the search for the Erebus and Terror, and received the medal of the Royal Geographical Society for his discoveries in the Arctic regions. In 1841, then in command of H.M.S. Plover, he served in the operations against Canton, and its subsequent capture, as well as against Shanghai in the following year. The decoration of C.B. was conferred on him in 1843, that of K.C.B. in 1875.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Dutton Cook, dramatic critic, well known on the periodical press of London, as well as for various works of fiction, on the 11th inst., aged fifty-two.

Mr. Thomas Fagan, one of the Registrars of the Court of Bankruptcy in Ireland, and Clerk of the Crown and Peace for the city of Limerick, on the 11th inst., aged sixty-five.

Mr. Alfred Pizzi Newton, landscape-painter, a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, on the 9th inst., after a painful illness, aged forty-seven.

Sir William Taylor Thompson, K.C.M.G., C.B., at Caerler, Innerleithen, on the 15th inst. He was Chargé-d'Affaires and Consul-General in Chili from 1858 to 1872, and was then appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary for Persia, an office which he held seven years.

Colonel Ernest Knox, of Castlereagh, in the county of Mayo, J.P., Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel North Mayo Militia, and High Sheriff, 1871, accidentally, by a fall from his horse. He was a descendant of the wide-spreading and influential family of Knox of Mayo.

Margaret, Dowager Lady Judkin FitzGerald, at Denbigh Lodge, Southsea, Sept. 8, aged seventy-seven. She was daughter of Mr. William Warner, of Kitwell, in the county of Worcester, and was thrice married—first, to Mr. Robert Jones Parry, of Nerquis; secondly, to Mr. Samuel Banks; and thirdly, in 1851, to Sir John Judkin FitzGerald, second Baronet, of Lisheen.



1. At anchor in the Mersey.
2. Crossing the Bar.

3. Passing the Giants' Causeway.
4. Lough Foyle.

5. The Last of Ireland.
6. Icebergs off Labrador—Petrel Island.

7. Table Mountain.

8. Chateau Bay.
9. Straits of Bellefleur.

10. Near the Saguenay.
11. Lighthouse on south shore of the St. Lawrence.

12. The Pillars.
13. Falls of the Montmorency, near Quebec.

14. Quebec, from Point Lévis.
15. Toronto.
16. An Ontario Farm, near Woodstock.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 3, 1882), with a codicil (dated June 3, 1883), of the Very Rev. Archibald Boyd, D.D., Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. Peter in Exeter, who died on July 11 last, was proved at the Exeter district registry on the 17th ult. by Archibald Henry Boyd, the nephew, and William John Battishill, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £134,000. An incomplete account of this will has already been published, but the following is a correct and full report. The testator gives £10,000 to the Dean and Chapter of Exeter for the augmentation of the incomes of poor parishes in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter; £10,000, upon trust, to apply the income for the education, in their University career, of the sons of the clergy of the diocese of Exeter; £5000 to the fund established by the late Bishop Philpotts for the promotion of theological studies; £5000, upon trust, to apply the interest in augmenting the incomes of the Incumbents of ten of the most necessitous parishes in Exeter; £5000, upon trust, to apply the income in apprenticing or starting in life chorister boys and boys educated at the cathedral school; £1000 towards the restoration of the cathedral and the restoration and enlargement of the library; £1000 each to the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, and the Irish Clergy Sustentation Fund; £500 each to the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, St. John's Foundation School for the education of the sons of the clergy, and the additional Curates Aid Society and the Church Building Society, both in the diocese of Exeter; £300 to St. Ann's School for the education of the children of parents in reduced circumstances; £250 each to the Devon and Exeter Hospital, the Cheltenham General Hospital, and St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; £200 each to the Exeter Dispensary, the Institution for the Welfare of the Deaf and Dumb, Exeter, the Institution for the Welfare of the Blind, Exeter, the Exeter Female Penitentiary, the Exeter Eye Infirmary, and the Exeter Central School for erecting a classroom; £100 to the fund for removing houses interfering with the appearance of Exeter Cathedral; £10,000 to his sister Miss Louisa Boyd; £3000 to his sister Mrs. Frances Lawson; £3000 each to ten nephews and nieces; £3000 each to his three stepdaughters; and liberal legacies to servants and others. The residue he leaves to his nephew Archibald Boyd.

The will (dated Jan. 30, 1879), with a codicil (dated June 2, 1881), of General the Right Hon. Sir William Thomas Knollys, P.C., K.C.B., and, as stated in both his testamentary papers, "by hereditary descent and the law of the land Earl of Banbury, Viscount Wallingford, and Baron Knollys, of Greys, in the county of Oxon," late of South Court, Royal Court Palace of Westminster, who died on June 23 last, was proved on the 30th ult. by Francis Knollys, C.B., the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000. The testator leaves to his said son, Francis, the Blount Court estate, with the farming stock; he also leaves to him the bronze bust of the Prince Consort, presented to him by her Majesty the Queen; the photograph portrait of the Princess of Wales, presented to him by her Royal Highness; the silver tankard and the pair of silver candelabra presented to him by the Prince of Wales, the silver tankard presented to him by the King of Denmark, and some jewellery, for the purpose of being retained in the family in the nature of heirlooms; and there are bequests and appointments to his other children, having regard to the advancements made to them in his lifetime. The residue he gives to all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 2, 1883) of Sir John Bell William Mansel, Bart., J.P., D.L., of Lincoln's-Inn, barrister-at-law, late of Wrotham Heath, Kent, who died on April 14 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by Frederick Henry Cator and Edward Bannister, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £9000. The testator leaves £500 and his furniture, effects, horses and carriages at Wrotham Heath, to his wife, Dame Maria Georgiana Mansel; his real estate at Wrotham Heath and elsewhere in the county of Kent to his wife for life, and then to his daughter Elizabeth, subject to her paying £5000 to his daughter Mrs. Maria Medlycot; his real estate in the principality of Wales with the furniture and effects there to his daughters Elizabeth and Emma Jane; to his executors £200 each; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his said three daughters.

The will (dated April 27, 1875) of Mr. Matthew Lyon, late of Leamington, Warwickshire, who died on July 12 last, was proved on the 16th ult. by George Lyon, the son, and John Radcliffe Lyon, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £37,000. The testator leaves to his son George his share and interest in the Royal Manchester Institution, and all his lands, buildings, and hereditaments in Hollinwood, in the county of Lancaster, and, in addition, a watch and two swords, of family interest; and to his executor John Radcliffe Lyon, and to his servant, Mary Kaye, £50 each. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided between all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 2, 1878), with three codicils (dated March 25, 1878; April 22, 1879; and Feb. 20, 1883), of Miss Caroline Hutton, late of Eastgate, Lincoln, who died on March 11 last, has been proved at the district registry, Lincoln, by the Rev. Henry Wallaston Hutton and Dr. Philip John Hensley, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. A brief abstract of this will has been given. The following account contains the whole of the charitable bequests. The testatrix bequeaths £4000 to the Church Missionary Society; £500 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children and the training-ships *Arethusa* and *Chichester*; £500 to build a fever ward in connection with Lincoln County Hospital; £500 to the Bishop of Ruperts Land, to found a scholarship or fellowship at St. John's College, Winnipeg, Manitoba, for the sons of native Indians desirous of entering holy orders; an amount equal to the proceeds of the sale of her dwelling house and premises in Eastgate, as to £500 thereof for the Lincoln General Dispensary, and as to the remainder for the County Hospital; £300 each to the Shipwrecked Mariners Aid Society, the Earlswood Idiot Asylum, and the South American Missionary Society; £200 each to the Church of England Missions to Seamen, the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, the Samaritan Free Hospital, the Church of England Scripture Readers' Association, and the London City Mission; £100 to the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews; and numerous legacies to relatives and others. As to the residue of her property, she leaves one half to her sister Maria Symons, and one half between her three nieces, Emily Hensley, Mary Hopkins, and Margaret Rhoda Hensley.

The will (dated March 4, 1881) of the Rev. William Thomas Browning, of Thorpe Mandeville, but late of Lichborough Northamptonshire, who died on May 7 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Mrs. Mary Eleanor Browning, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £19,000. The testator leaves to the Horton Infirmary, Banbury, £100; to his wife, besides some specific bequests, £2000, and an annuity of £600; and the residue of his real and personal estate between all his children, in equal shares.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

G C (Belfast).—You can obtain the *Chess-Players' Chronicle* from Mr. Morgan 555, Caledonian-road, London. Your other question was answered in our issue of the 8th inst.

M A P (Cheltenham).—We are obliged for the trouble you have taken, but none of the problems are suitable to this column.

L F (Antwerp).—We have never seen a game at such odds as the first player undertaking to abstain from checking the adverse King until the checkmate is given, but we should think it is even greater odds than yielding the Queen. We are curious to see the game.

JUPITER JUNIOR (Hastings).—It is not so easy to construct problems as to solve them. The latter is usually the labour of minutes; the former of hours, weeks, and, often, months. Your problem is very neat; but the theme is old—indeed, hackneyed—and the construction too simple.

D W C (Barnaul, Siberia).—Many thanks. Your problems are always acceptable. The games are not forgotten.

W H (Surrey).—It is understood that the games played in the late tournament are in course of preparation for the press, and that the book will be published about the end of the current year.

C S C (Fulham).—The St. George's Club for afternoon play; the City of London Club for the evenings.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2048, 2049, and 2050 received from An Amateur (Paris); G S Cox, S Farrant, Jupiter Junior, L Wyman, Smutch, J R (Edinburgh); E L G, G Fosbrooke, H Reeve, W Hillier, S Lowndes, Otto Fulder (Ghent); D W Kell, R Jessop, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Hereward, T G, H Blacklock, N Cator, H K Adwry, N S Harris, A W Scrutton, R Ingersoll, H Lucas, G S Oldfield, Emile Frau, F M (Edinburgh), F Ferris, L L Greenaway, L Falcon (Antwerp), B R Wood, Ben Nevis, G L Mayne, A M Porter, A Wignmore, C Oswald, E Louden, G C (Belfast), L Foret, D Mackay, Gyp, Aaron Harper, R H Brooks, James Pilkington, W Biddle, F H A, C H Chempell, E E H, A R Street, R Worters, E J Posno (Haarlem), N H Mullen, and G A Ballingall.

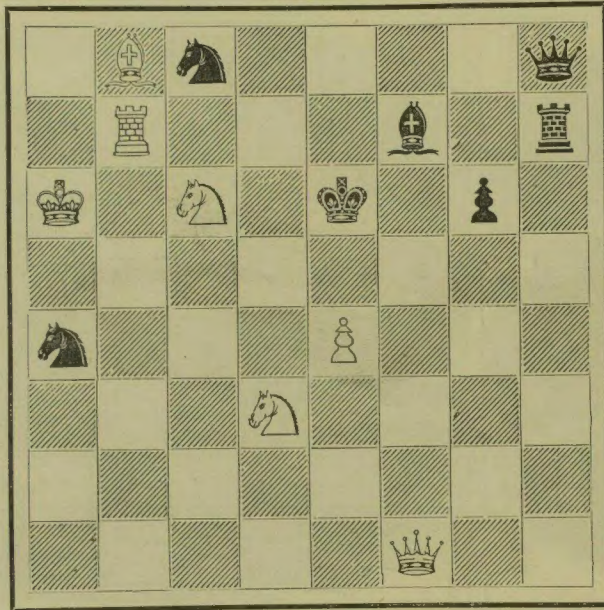
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No 2058.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt (K 8th) to Q 6th. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2061.

By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

Ninth game in the Match between Messrs. DE RIVIERE and Tschigorin. The notes appended are by M. Rosenthal.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (M. de R.)	BLACK (M. T.)	WHITE (M. de R.)	BLACK (M. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	16. Kt to K Kt sq	P to K B 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	17. P to K B 4th	B to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	18. B to B 3rd	Kt to B sq
4. P takes P	P takes P	Another weak move. The right line of play here is 18. B to Kt 2nd, followed by 19. Q to Kt 3rd.	
5. Kt to K B 3rd	B to Q 3rd	19. B to Kt 2nd	R to K 2nd
6. B to Q 3rd	Castles	20. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd
7. B to K Kt 5th		Here, again, 20. B to Kt 2nd is preferable.	
The correct continuation—7. Castles, Kt to Q B 3rd; 8. B to K Kt 5th, &c.			
7.	R to K sq (ch)	21. B to R 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd
Well played! Black takes immediate advantage of the adversary's error, forcing him to retreat the Bishop from a good position to cover the check.			
8. B to K 2nd	P to Q B 3rd	22. B takes P	Q takes Q Kt P
9. Castles	Q Kt to Q 2nd	He should have doubled the Rooks by 22. Q to K sq. The move in the text loses almost immediately.	
9. B to K Kt 5th, afterwards moving out the Knight, is preferable.		23. B takes P (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
10. Q to Q 2nd	Q to Q B 2nd	24. P to B 5th	Kt to K B 3rd
Weak. He might have secured an advantage by 10. Kt to K B sq, followed by 11. Kt to Kt 3rd.			
11. Q R to K sq	Kt to K B sq	25. P takes B	Kt takes P
12. B takes Kt	B to K B 5th	26. Kt to K R 4th	R takes P
13. P to Q 3rd	P takes B	27. Kt to B 5th (ch)	
14. K to R sq	Kt to Kt 3rd	He wins equally by 27. R takes R and 28. Q to Kt 5th (ch), or by 27. R takes P (ch) and 28. Q takes Kt (ch), &c.	
15. P to K Kt 3rd	B to K R 3rd	28. Kt to Q 6th (dis. ch),	K to Kt 3rd
It would have been better to have retreated the B to Q 3rd.			

Mr. A. T. Marriott, of Nottingham, whose elegant and brilliant style of play is well known to readers of this column, has issued, in pamphlet form, a collection of games played by him during the last few years. These comprise encounters with Messrs. Blackburne, MacDonnell, Gunzberg, W. Cook, E. Freeborough, and D. Y. Mills, besides players of high repute in provincial chess circles, and all the games recorded possess the rare qualifications of brevity and brilliancy. The following, a fair specimen of the collection, was played between Mr. MARRIOTT and Mr. BLACKBURNE in 1881. The notes are by the first-named gentleman.

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. P takes Kt, &c.	Kt to B 3rd; 17. Q R to Q sq, Q R to K sq, &c.
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. Kt to B 4th	B to B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	15. B to Q 2nd would have been better.	
4. Kt takes P	B to B 4th	16. Kt takes Q B	B takes B (ch)
5. B to K 3rd	Q to B 3rd	17. Kt takes B	
6. P to Q B 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd.	These exchanges leave White with a won game, which Mr. Blackburne conducts in fine style.	
7. B to Q Kt 5th	Castles	17.	
8. Castles	Kt to Q sq	18. Kt to Kt 4th	Q to K 3rd
The text move had been tried by Gunzberg in his match with Blackburne a short time previously. The usual move, 8. P to Q 3rd, seems slightly preferable.			
9. Q to Q 2nd	P to K R 3rd	19. P to B 5th	Q takes K P
10. P to K B 4th	P to Q 3rd	20. P to B 6th	Kt to B 4th
11. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd	21. P takes P	K takes P
12. P to Q R 4th	P to Q R 3rd	22. R takes Kt	
13. B to K 2nd	B to Q 2nd	And Black resigned; for if now 22. Q takes R, then follows 23. Q takes P (ch) K to Kt 3rd; 24. B to Q 3rd, and the mate is forced.	
14. Kt to R 3rd	B takes R P		

The pamphlet is illustrated with diagrams of critical, and otherwise interesting positions, and we can cordially recommend it to amateurs who delight in the study of brief and brilliant games. It is published at the office of the *Nottingham Daily Express*, and the price is one shilling.

At a social gathering of chess players, a garden party given by Mr. J. Steele, at his residence, Dingwalls, Croydon, a few weeks ago, it was resolved to form a County Chess Association for Surrey. Mr. Steele, whose active support of the game is cordially recognised in his county, was asked, and consented, to accept the office of President of the new association. Mr. E. J. Wood will act as treasurer, and Mr. Leonard P. Rees as honorary secretary. The subscription of members was fixed at five shillings for the first year and half-a-crown thereafter.

BERWICK-UPON-TWEED.

The hostile kingdoms of England and Scotland, for nearly 300 years, with intervals of pretended peace, but of continual intrigues and frequent mutual aggressions, kept the whole Border country, Tweedside and Teviotdale, Liddesdale and Eskdale, on the one part, and the Marches of Northumberland and Cumberland on the English side, in a harassing condition. A monument of the protracted Border warfare, in the times of the Plantagenets and early Tudors, is seen in the fortifications and other historical relics of Berwick-upon-Tweed, a town which was so often captured and recaptured, its possession so eagerly coveted by either nation, that legal antiquaries have doubted to which country it properly belonged. It stands on the north bank of the Tweed, certainly not within the county of Northumberland or any other English county, while the adjacent county of Berwickshire, which has a town of North Berwick on the shore of the Firth of Forth, is undoubtedly Scottish territory. After the defeat of the Scots on Halidon Hill, near this town, in July, 1333, Berwick fell under the dominion of England; but subsequently, three times in the fourteenth century—namely, in 1355, in 1378, and in 1384—the Scots contrived to get hold of it, always by surprise or stratagem, pillaging and burning the town, which they did again in 1405, and upon each occasion were forced to give up the Castle when attacked by a large English force. In our Wars of York and Lancaster, King Henry VI., after his defeat at Towton in 1461, took refuge in Scotland, when he formally ceded Berwick to that kingdom. It was not recovered till 1482, after a siege by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III. Since that date Berwick-upon-Tweed has been under English rule.

The town, of which and of the Castle ruins, with portions of the ramparts, we give some Illustrations, is familiar to every passenger who goes to Scotland by the Great Northern and North British Railway route. Its site rises to the height of 100 ft. above the water at the mouth of the Tweed, having a suburb called Tweedmouth on the opposite south bank close to the sea. Our View (No. 6) of "Berwick from the south bank of the Tweed," shows the lofty railway bridge over the river, 104 ft. above low-water mark, 2160 ft. in length, with twenty-eight arches, fourteen of which stand in the river-bed, while just below this high-level bridge is the old town bridge, of no particular height, with fifteen irregular arches and a narrow roadway. The high-level bridge, called "the Royal Border Bridge," which reminds us of that at Newcastle-upon-Tyne by its situation, was opened by her Majesty the Queen in 1850. It does not appear, therefore, in our Sketch No. 3, that of Berwick Castle, which was drawn in 1844; nor in the last of the Illustrations on the same page, Sketch No. 7, showing the remains of the Castle, or the Water Tower, from a nearer point of view, looking westward up the river. Our readers will understand, however, that the railway bridge, as since constructed, reaches the north bank of the river quite close to the ruins of the Castle, the station being within the ground of the former Castle precincts, from which a rampart and ditch extend to the Bell Tower, overlooking the Magdalen Fields, on the western side of the town. From the Bell Tower, which is in tolerably good preservation, this ancient ditch runs all along the north side of the town to the sea. There are more artificial fortifications called Meg's Mount, at "the Scotch Gate," Cumberland Bastion, Brass Bastion, Windmill Bastion, and King's Bastion, the last named being close to the Ness Gate on the seashore. Two or three batteries command the entrance to the harbour. The existing town walls are not older than the reign of Elizabeth: they afford a pleasant raised walk of convenient width. There used to be five town gates, but the "English Gate," at the town end of the old bridge, has been removed. The old bastions are now partly mounted with guns used for the drill of the Volunteer Artillery. The town in general is well built, having wide main streets, a handsome Townhall with a tall spire, the parish church not so distinguished, but containing fine stained-glass windows and interesting monuments, St. Mary's Church, and an important Corn Exchange. Berwick-upon-Tweed, with Tweedmouth, Spittal, and "the Liberties," a district to the north which does not belong to the Scottish county of Berwickshire, forms a separate political division of the United Kingdom. It now has its Municipal Corporation, Mayor, Recorder, and magistrates, and elects two members of Parliament. The trade of this port has much increased of late years; and the convenience of shipping has been provided for by constructing a very commodious dock for vessels drawing 19 ft. of water, and a pier 2900 ft. long, protecting the harbour from north-easterly gales, with a lighthouse above 60 ft. high, to warn mariners off the perilous low reefs of rocks that beset the northern coast.

LAW AND EDUCATION IN BRITISH BURMAH.

The cause of education, we find from an occasional correspondent, is making good progress in Rangoon and other towns of British Burmah. The syndicate, which was so well started about two years ago, is improving its schools, and gathering into them the children of natives as well as the waifs and strays of society, and without in any way interfering with the work of the voluntary agencies which have been longer in existence. The new system consequently works well and without friction. Buddhist law has found an earnest and erudite exponent in the person of the Judicial Commissioner of Rangoon, who has for some time past devoted himself to the arduous task of translating the much-neglected palm-leaf MSS. which the natives set great store by. The portion just issued from the Judicial Commissioners' Court is known as the *Mohavichedani Dhammatat*—law of inheritance—and has never before been translated or printed. It differs, however, very materially from the *Manu Kyay Dhammatat*, which is much older, but its difficulties have long proved a stumbling-block to the ingenuity of the learned of the British Courts, and will on that account doubtless prove most acceptable. In this book, as in the *Manu Kyay*, the conflict between the ideas of the Hindu civil law and the Buddhist religion is plainly visible. The compiler, following ancient writers on jurisprudence, makes the Rishi Manu and the King Maha Samata (the same probably as the King of that name described in the Ceylonese Mahavamsa) his exponents. And these personages desire to impress upon us that the civil law is based on the eight paths of Buddhist moral perfection, which they proceed to illustrate by putting cases in a form that reads not unlike a chapter from the "Arabian Nights."

The title of the book, "*Mohavichedani*," means dispeller of ignorance, and it professes to unfold the law as preached by the all-wise Buddha in his great compassion for the ignorance of man. Following, as all Burmese law-writers do, the ancient custom of the Sanskrit writers of Hindoo law, the rules of civil law are given in Pali verse, and attempts are made to explain the Indian—Magadha—terminology by a running commentary or translation in Burmese. The work above referred to is No. 7 of a series of similar translations, with notes, by the learned Commissioner, Mr. Jardine, who has found an able and willing assistant in Dr. Forchhammer.

AMSTERDAM INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1883.

THE EXHIBITS OF

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY LIMITED;

FOR WHICH THE DIPLOMA OF HONOUR (THE HIGHEST IN THE CLASS) HAS BEEN AWARDED.

The Exhibits of this Firm claim attention not only as the productions of so large a Candle-making establishment, but also by their great variety and the excellence of their manufacture. For the Company, while making more Candles, also produce a greater variety of other goods than any other Candle-making firm in the world; and all of a quality recognised by universal consent, through a long course of years, to be of the very first class.

The Candles shown by this Company are also deserving of attention as illustrating the different epochs in the history of scientific Candle-making. The history of Candle-making may be divided into three periods, which we may call the Pre-Chevreul, the Stearine, and the Paraffin periods.

Before Chevreul's researches made known the constitution of Fats, Candle-making was one of the simplest of the arts, and Candles were crude productions indeed. But his discoveries led to Candle-making becoming an elaborate chemical art, and have enabled Candles to hold their ground against such formidable opponents as Gas, Petroleum, and the Electric light.

Leaving out such expensive substances as Bees' Wax and Spermaceti, the material from which Candles were manufactured up to 1851 was Tallow. Chevreul had shown in 1823 that this substance when decomposed yielded a hard fatty acid available for Candle-making, viz., Stearic acid; Oleic acid, useful for Soap-making; and Glycerine, a substance of great value in medicine and the arts. He and Gay-Lussac attempted in 1825, but without success, to prepare the Fatty Acids on a manufacturing scale, but De Milly and Motard succeeded in 1833 in producing from good and expensive Tallow, Stearic Acid Candles, the famous "Bougies de l'Etoile," which were sold in Paris at 1s. 8½d. per lb.

While to France belongs the honour of introducing the new industry, to England must be given the credit of placing it on a substantial manufacturing basis. Not until Mr. George F. Wilson and Mr. W. C. Jones's discoveries of the method of distilling the fatty acids with the aid of superheated steam, and of preparing white and inodorous Candle-making materials from palm oil and other inexpensive, dark coloured fats by means of acidification with sulphuric acid did the industry take root and begin to expand. Messrs. Wilson and Jones's discoveries were patented on behalf of E. Price and Company (afterwards Price's Patent Candle Company, Limited), and formed the foundation on which was built up a business which rapidly grew in importance, and which still holds the prominent position gained some forty years ago.

Fatty Acid Candles—"Stearine" Candles, as they are called in the trade, are manufactured in England, and in great quantity on the Continent, chiefly in France, Belgium, Austria, and the Netherlands. The raw materials employed are chiefly Palm Oil and Tallow.

The inventions just referred to have not only had a most important effect on the Fatty Acid Industry, but have had a no less vital bearing on the West African Slave Trade. A writer on commercial industry says, in 1854: "The trade in Palm Oil has almost driven out the slave trade from the Bight of Benin, which was a few years ago one of its principal seats." Captain Forbes, R.N., writes thus in 1850: "The inhabitants of a vast extent of coast have been led to give up the slave trade because they have been taught the immense increase of the value of the Palm Oil trade over that in slaves."

The finest Stearine Candles manufactured by Price's

Company are called "Belmont Sperm" or "Best Stearine," and are well known in all export markets for their uniformly high quality.

In the English market "Price's Best Composites" have for long held a similar position to that secured by the "Belmont Sperms" in the export trade, and they resemble the latter closely in appearance and quality. From the day when, in 1840, Mr. J. P. Wilson introduced for use in the illuminations in honour of the marriage of Queen Victoria the first cheap self-snuffing candle until now "Price's Composite" has been a household name. Cheaper raw materials than the Vegetable and Animal Fats have, for the time being, interfered with the sale of

Ten," but Paraffin Candles appeal also to the million. In Price's "Cowslip Wax" we have a candle which for economy is within reach of the most modest purse, and on the score of appearance is no disgrace to the parlour.

Mixed Paraffin and Stearine Candles, known as "Sperms"—viz., Price's "Sherwood Sperm," Price's "Imperial Sperm," Price's "London Sperm"—are manufactured for Bed-room and Carriage Lamp purposes and for export to countries where less than tropical temperatures prevail.

Next in importance to the Candles made by Price's Company come their well-known Night Lights which have cheered so many sick-rooms during the weary watches of the night, and brightened so many nurseries where youthful imaginations were wont to call up every form of spectre. These household requisites are so widely known as to need little description. They are of two kinds, Price's New Patent, which are moulded like Candles and burned in neat little glass cups provided without extra charge, and Childs's, which are contained in paper cases ready for burning when placed in a saucer containing a little water. Sometimes these Night Lights are used for lighting purposes alone, sometimes for heating food as well.

Perhaps there is no article with which the name of this Company is more commonly associated in the public mind than Glycerine. Nearly thirty years ago pure Glycerine was manufactured for the first time under Mr. G. F. Wilson's Patent, and this gentleman's discovery of the method of purification has given to medicine and the arts a material the value of which is yearly becoming better appreciated, and its use is in consequence spreading in many directions. In the matter of absolute purity, Price's Company led the way, and they have succeeded in keeping the foremost position amongst a crowd of competitors.

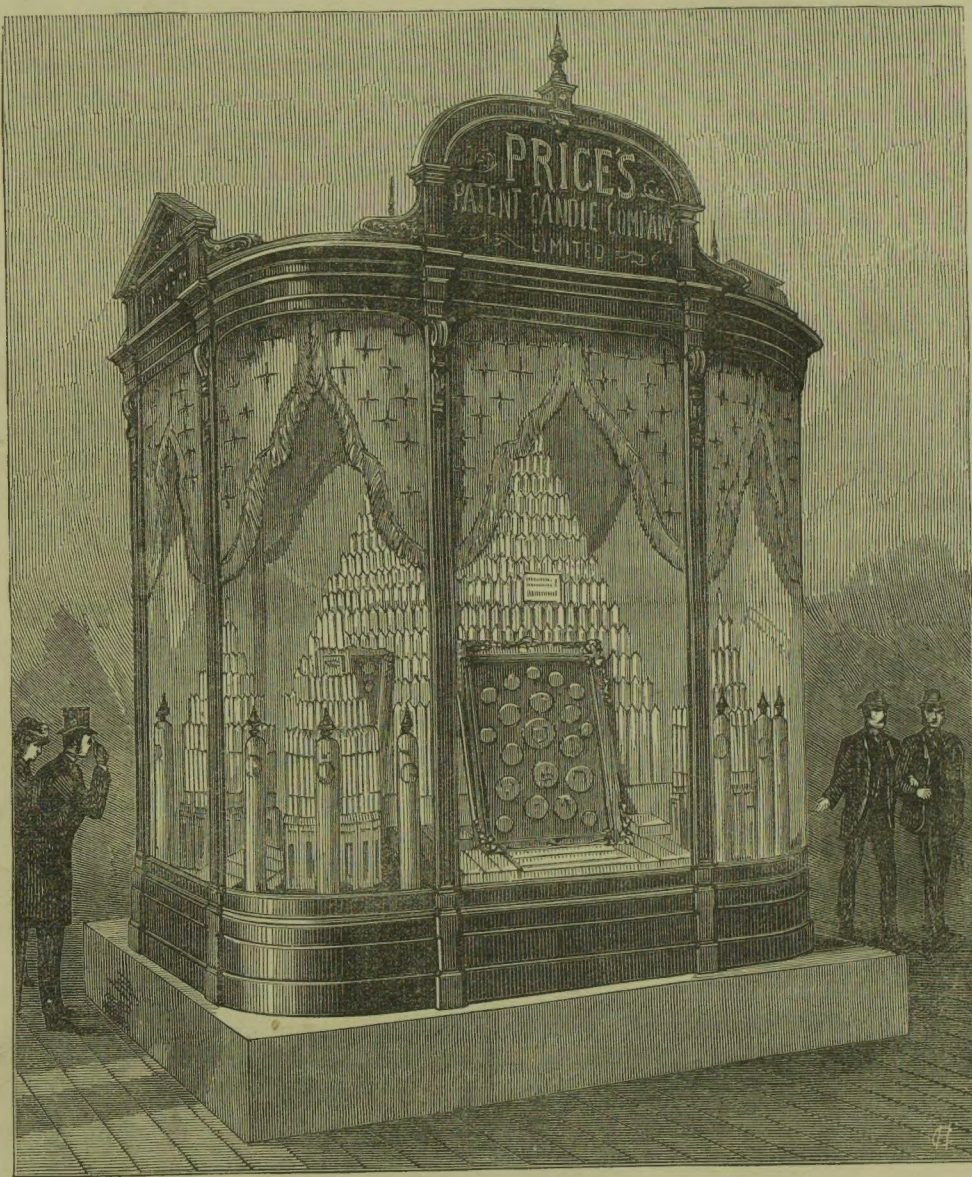
The next important exhibit is the liquid fatty acid obtained from Palm Oil, &c., along with Palmitic acid—viz., Oleic acid or *Oleine*, as it is generally called in the trade. This fatty acid was introduced into the Yorkshire mills by Price's Company in 1851 under the name of Cloth Oil, and

since then has been used for scouring purposes in large quantities.

Many varieties of Toilet Soaps are shown, specially Price's Solidified Glycerine Soap, containing half its weight of Glycerine—an excellent preventive of chapped hands; and Price's "Glycerine and Carbolic" Soap, combining the emollient properties of Glycerine with the disinfecting qualities of Carbolic Acid.

Price's Company are also manufacturers of all kinds of Lubricating Oils. Their "Belmont Spindle" Oil is well and favourably known in Lancashire and Yorkshire; their "Sherwood Sperm" Oil is extensively used for general machinery lubrication, and their "Special Gas Engine Oil" is employed wherever Gas Engines have found their way.

The foregoing sketch, though touching upon some only of the manufactures of this Company, will no doubt be thought ample to justify the statement made at the outset, that Price's Company "produce a greater variety of other goods than any other Candle-making firm," and their old reputation, maintained as it is to-day, is a sufficient guarantee that the articles which they sell will be found as suitable as heretofore to the public needs, and of the same excellence of quality which has secured them hitherto so high a place in public estimation.

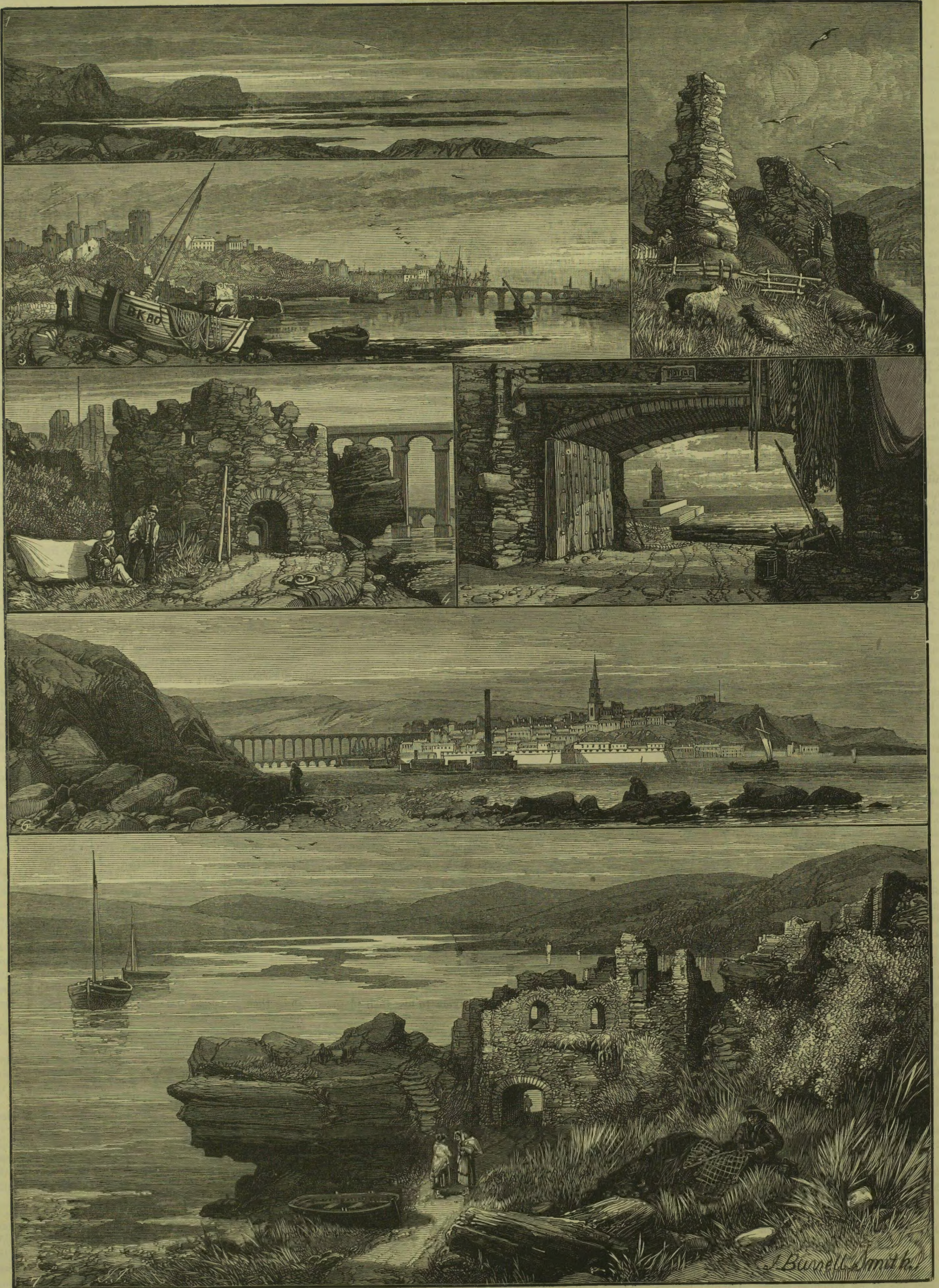


Composites; but they are not likely to lose their place as useful household candles.

In 1851 a new Candle-making material—Paraffin—made its appearance, and Price's Company were not slow to utilise the novelty. While the late Dr. Young's Patent was in force the production of Paraffin was small, but after its expiry the manufacture was greatly increased, and now Paraffin has become a most important Candle-making material. But Paraffin, while beautiful in appearance and of great intrinsic value as an illuminant, has a weakness, for candles made of it alone cannot be used in heated rooms without bending. To remedy this defect a fatty acid must be mixed with it, and much attention has been devoted by Price's Company to the manufacture of a high-class candle, combining in the highest degree the valuable characteristics of Paraffin and Palmitic Acid. The success of the universally known "Gold Medal Palmatine" Candles shows how well the problem has been worked out.

But Price's Company have not forgotten that there is a class who give the preference to mere beauty of appearance; and in their "Best Paraffin" and "Belmontine" Candles they exhibit the exquisite transparency, freedom from colour, and excellence of finish that can be attained in the case of hard or high melting-point candles made of this substance.

The Candles we have named are bought by the "Upper



1. The North Coast, from end of the Pier.
5. The Ness Gate and Lighthouse.

2. A Bit of the old Castle.

3. Berwick Castle (sketched in 1844).
6. Berwick, from the south bank of the Tweed.

4. The Castle from the West, showing the Railway Bridge.
7. Remains of the Castle (looking west).